



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07486762 7

Gordon Lester Ford
Collection
Presented by his Sons
Worthington Chauncy Ford
and
Paul Leicester Ford
to the
New York Public Library





Handwritten text, likely a letter or document, written in cursive script. The text is heavily faded and mostly illegible due to the quality of the scan. Some words are difficult to decipher but appear to include "Dear Sir", "I have", "very", "truly", "yours", and "John".

James Griberg Christian
Had this Book given to him by his
Friend Mr. Eric Haartman Esq
at Service in the Royal Swedish Navy
Genoa the 1st Nov^r 1798.



100

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Pocket Edition.

But see, at length, the British Genius smile,
And show'r her boundless o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold, for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one—
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.

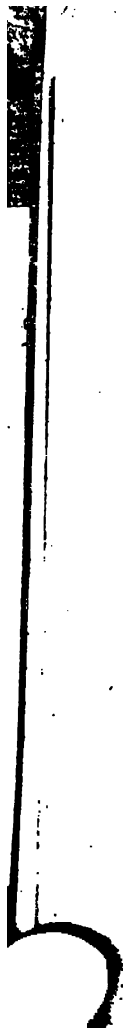
Brown.

VOL. I.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London;

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;
And sold by all the Bookfellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.



P O E M S

U P O N

EVERAL OCCASIONS.

A 2



P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY THE REVEREND

Mr. JOHN POMFRET.

To which are added, his

R E M A I N S.

With some Account of his

L I F E A N D W R I T I N G S.

AN ACCURATE EDITION.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed by MARTIN and WOTHERSPOON.

M. DCC. LXXIII.

1773



THE
FORD
160787
ASTON, FRANK, INC.
TILDEN

NOV 1967
2000
2000

T H E
L I F E
O F

Mr JOHN POMFRET,

IT is a natural piece of justice still due to the memory of our Author, in the first place, by giving some account of his family, to clear him from the aspersions of fanaticism, which have been generally cast on him through a notorious mistake; and, in the next place, to defend the genuineness of his Writings from the injurious treatment of those who have, either through malice or ignorance, ascribed some of ~~them~~ to other persons.

The true account of his family is as follows.

Mr POMFRET's father was rector of Luton in Bedfordshire, and himself was preferred to the living of Malden in the same county. He was liberally educated at an eminent grammar school in the country ; from whence he was sent to the university of Cambridge ; but of what college he was entered I know not. There he wrote most of his poetical compositions, took the degree of Master of Arts, and very early accomplished himself in most kinds of polite literature.

It was shortly after his leaving the university, that he was preferred to the living of Malden above-mentioned ; and so far was he from being in the least tinctured with fanaticism, that I have often heard him express his abhorrence of 'the destructive tenets maintained by those people, both against our religious and civil rights.

This imputation, it seems, was cast on him by there having been one of his surname, though not any way related to him, a dissenting teacher, who died not long ago * : so far distant from the accusation were the principles of this excellent man.

About the year 1703, Mr POMFRET came up to London, for institution and induction into a very considerable living ; but was retarded for some time, by a disgust taken by Dr Henry

* Mr Samuel Pomfret, who published some rhimes upon spiritual subjects, as they are pleased to call them.

MR JOHN POMFRET. 12

Compton, then Bishop of London, at these four lines in the close of his poem entitled, **THE CHOICE** :

*And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
While I did for a better state prepare.*

The parenthesis in these verses was so maliciously represented to the Bishop, that his Lordship was given to understand, it could bear no other construction, than that Mr POMFRET preferred a mistress before a wife: though, I think, the contrary is self-evident; the verses implying no more, than the preference of a single life to marriage; unless his brethren of the gown will assert, that an unmarried clergyman cannot live without a mistress. But the worthy prelate was soon convinced of the pre-pense malice of Mr POMFRET's enemies towards him, he being at that time married; yet their base opposition of his deserved merit had in some measure its effect; for by the obstructions he met with, and the small pox being at that time very rife, he sickened of them, and died at London, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

The ungenerous treatment he has since met with, in regard to his Poetical Compositions, is

* THE LIFE OF *

in a book entitled, *Poems by the Earl of Roscommon and Mr Duke* * ; in the preface to which, the publisher has peremptorily inserted the following paragraph. " In this Collection " (says he) of my Lord Roscommon's poems, " care has been taken to insert all that I could " possibly procure that are truly genuine ; there " having been several things published under " his name, which were written by others, the " authors of which I could set down, if it were " material." Now this arrogant editor would have been more just, both to the public, and to the Earl of Roscommon's memory, in telling us what things had been published under his Lordship's name by others, than by concealing the authors of any such gross impositions. Instead of which, he is so much a stranger to impartiality, that he has been guilty of the very crime he exclaims against : for he has not only attributed the *Prospect of Death* to the Earl of Roscommon, which was wrote by Mr POMFREY many years after his Lordship's decease ; but likewise another piece, entitled, *The Prayer of Jeremy paraphrased* ; prophetically representing the passionate grief of the Jewish people for the loss of their town and sanctuary ; written by Mr Southcott, a worthy gentleman now living, who first published it himself in the year 1717 †.

* Printed for Jacob Tonson, 1717, Octavo.

† See *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations*. Printed for Bernard Lintot, Octavo.

Mr JOHN POMFRET. xi

So that it is to be hoped, in a future edition of the Earl of Roscommon's and Mr Duke's poems, the same care will be taken to do these gentlemen justice, as to prevent any other persons from hereafter injuring the memory of his Lordship.

1724.

PHILALETHES.

B 2



T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT will be to little purpose, the Author presumes, to offer any reasons why the following **P O E M S** appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true, and if he does, it is much greater odds whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable custom of Prefaces, that it was through the irresistible importunity of friends, or some other excuse of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the Press; but he thought it much better to leave every man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself: for, let what will be pretended,

people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that, unless it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a sham and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the ensuing *POEMS* deserve to stand in that class, the world must have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the Gentleman may find out, is to be hoped his candour and good humour will easily pardon; but those which the peevishness and ill-nature of the Critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used though, methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

Some persons, perhaps, may wonder how things of this nature dare come into the world without the protection of some great name, as they call it, and a fulsome Epistle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: for, if *Poem* struts out under my Lord's patronage

the Author imagines it is no less than *Scandalum Magnatum* to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the world, that this same Lord is a person of wonderful Wit and Understanding, a notable judge of poetry, and a very considerable Poet himself. But if a Poem have no intrinsic excellencies, and real-beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the Poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas: for, indeed, there lyes the strength of a great name, and the greatest protection an author can receive from it.

To please every one, would be a new thing; and to write so as to please no body, would be as new: for even QUARLES and WYTHERS have their admirers. The Author is not so fond of fame, to desire it from the injudicious Many; nor of so mortified a temper, not to wish it from the discerning Few. It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which establishes

xvi P R E F A C E.

a valuable reputation; and if a RYMER or
a CONGREVE say it is well, he will not be
at all sollicitous how great the majority may
be to the contrary.

London,
Anno 1699.

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

C



P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

THE CHOICE.

IF Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chuse my method how to
live ;

And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend ;
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great :
Better, if on a rising ground it stood ;
On this side fields, on that a neighb'ring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain :
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye ;
And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by :

On whose delicious banks a stately row
 Of shady limes, or sycamores should grow.
 At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
 Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd :
 Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
 Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;
 Sharp Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,
 Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew :
 He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
 In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
 Must grant his fancy does the best excel ;
 His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well :
 With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
 Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
 In some of these, as fancy should advise,
 I'd always take my morning exercise :
 For sure no minutes bring us more content,
 Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
 That I might live genteely, but not great :
 As much as I could moderately spend ;
 A little more, sometimes t'oblige a friend.
 Nor should the sons of Poverty repine
 Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine ;
 And all that objects of true pity were,
 Should be reliev'd with what my wants could
 spare :

For that our Maker has too largely giv'n,
 Should be return'd in gratitude to heav'n.

A frugal plenty should my table spread ;
 With healthy, not luxurious, dishes fed :
 Enough to satisfy, and something more,
 To feed the stranger, and the neighb'ring poor.
 Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.

But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take ; and as I did possess,
 The bounteous Author of my plenty blefs.

I'd have a little Vault, but always stor'd
 With the best wines each vintage could afford.
 Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse :
 By making all our spirits debonair,
 Throws off the lees, the sediment of Care.

But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends,
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends ;
 So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice,
 Does many mischievous effects produce.

My house should no such rude disorders know,
 As from high drinking consequently flow ;
 Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n,
 To the dishonour of indulgent Heav'n.

If any neighbour came, he should be free,
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
 In my retreat, or to himself or me. }

What freedom, prudence, and right reason, give,
 All men may, with impunity, receive :

THE CHOICE.

But the least swerving from their rule's too much ;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great ;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity :

Well born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men, as well as books have known :
Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality :

Airy and prudent ; merry but not light ;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right ;
Secret they shall be, faithful to their trust ;
In reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just :

Obliging, open, without huffing, brave ;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober grave :
Close in dispute, but not tenacious ; try'd
By solid Reason, and let that decide :

Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate ;
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state :
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite ;
Not quarrellsome, but stout enough to fight ;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar ; true,
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.

In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge,
I'd choose

(For who would so much satisfaction lose,

As witty nymphs, in conversation, give ?)
 Near some obliging, modest fair to live :
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find ;
 That, by a secret, but a pow'rful Art,
 Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart. }

I'd have her reason all her passions sway :
 Easy in company, in private gay :
 Coy to a fop, to the deserving free ;
 Still constant to herself, and just to me.
 A soul she should have for great actions fit ;
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit :
 Courage to look bold danger in the face ;
 No fear, but only to be proud, or base ;
 Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
 To give good counsel, or to take the best.
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much :
 That shews a want of judgment, and of sense ;
 More than enough is but impertinence.
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd ;
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind :
 Averse to vanity, revenge and pride ;
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd ;
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
 No censure might upon her actions fall :
 Then would even Envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
 Her conversation would new joys inspire;
 Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
 Near my retreat to hide one secret snare.

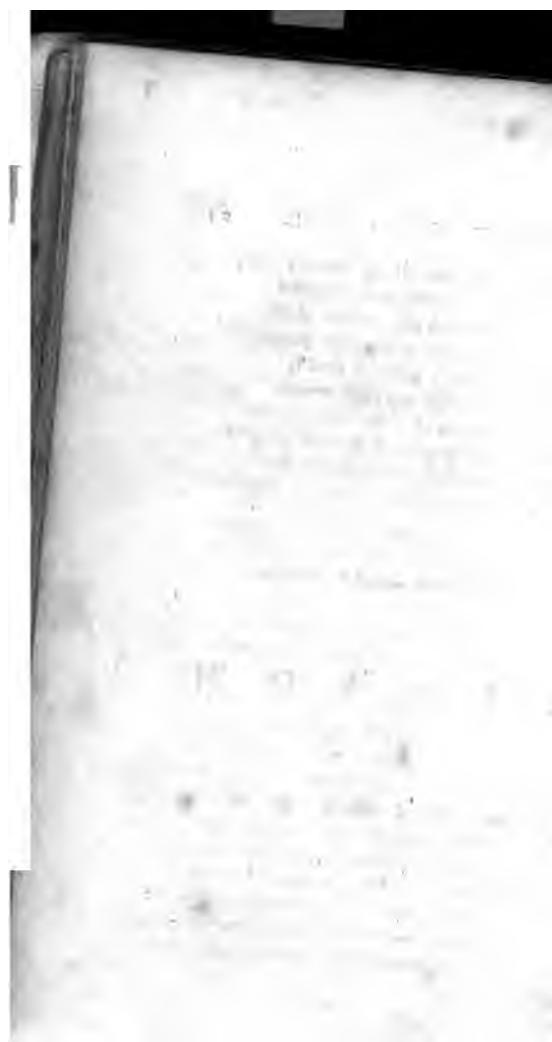
But so divine, so noble a repast
 I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste :
 For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
 By a too frequent and too bold a use;
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
 Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
 Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,
 T' oblige my country, or to serve my King,
 Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
 My tongue, my pen, my counsel, and my swor
 Law-suits I'd shun; with as much studious care
 As I would dens where hungry Lions are ;
 And rather put up injuries, than be
 A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me :
 I value quiet at a price too great,
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate :
 For what do we by all our bustle gain,
 But counterfeit delight for real pain.

If Heav'n a date of many years would give,
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
 And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
 Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)

THE CHOICE. 23

Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave.
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.



L O V E

TRIUMPHANT OVER

R E A S O N:

A V I S I O N.



L O V E

TRIUMPHANT OVER

R E A S O N:

A V I S I O N.

TH O' gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious
breast

All the long night, and drove away my rest;
Just as the dawning day began to rise,
A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes:
But active fancy to strange regions flew,
And brought surprizing objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The soft retreat of Gods, when Gods make love,
Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd;

Nor knew which most delighted : all was fine :
 The noble product of some pow'r divine.
 But as I travers'd the obliging shade,
 Which myrtle, jessamin, and roses made,
 I saw a person whose celestial face
 At first declar'd her goddess of the place :
 For I discover'd when approaching near,
 An aspect full of beauty, but severe.
 Bold and majestic ; every awful look
 Into my soul a secret horror struck.
 Advancing farther on, she made a stand,
 And beckon'd me ; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand
 Then thus began——Bright deity ! (for so
 You are, no mortals such perfections know)
 I may intrude ; but how I was convey'd
 To this strange place, or by what pow'rful aid,
 I'm wholly ignorant ; nor know I more,
 Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
 Instruct me then, that I no longer may
 In darkness serve the goddess I obey.

Youth ! she reply'd, this place belongs to one
 By whom you'll be, and thousands are undone
 These pleasant walks, and all these shady bow'rs
 Are in the government of dang'rous pow'rs.
 Love's the capricious master of this coast ;
 This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.
 I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,
 Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings
 But have an empire of a nobler kind :
 My regal seat's in the celestial mind ;

O V E R R E A S O N.

34

Where with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
 I rule, and make those happy I command.
 For, while I govern, all within's at rest ;
 No stormy passion revels in the breast :
 But when my pow'r is despicable grown,
 And rebel appetites usurp the throne,
 The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys ;
 But all is tumult, and eternal noise.
 Know, youth ! I'm Reason, which you've oft de-
 spis'd ;

I am that Reason, which you never priz'd :
 And tho' my argument successful prove,
 (For reason seems impertinence in love)
 Yet I'll not see my charge (for all mankind
 Are to my guardianship by Heav'n assign'd)
 Into the grasp of any ruin run,
 That I can warn 'em of, and they may shun.
 Fly, youth, these guilty shades ; retreat in time,
 Ere your mistake's converted to a crime :
 For ignorance no longer can atone,
 When once the error and the fault is known.
 You thought perhaps, (as giddy youth inclines,
 Imprudently to value all that shines,)
 In these retirements freely to possess
 True joy, and strong substantial happiness :
 But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
 In crowds, her tributary fops appear ;
 Who blindly lavish of their golden days,
 Consume them all in her fallacious ways.
 Perst Love with her, by joint commission, rules
 In this capacious realm of idle fools ;

35 LOVE TRIUMPHANT

Who by false arts, and popular deceits,
The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
'Tis easy to descend into the snare,
By the pernicious conduct of the fair;
But safely to return from this abode,
Requires the wit, the prudence of a God :
Tho' you, who have not tasted that delight,
Which only at a distance charms your sight,
May with a little toil retrieve your heart ;
Which lost is subject to eternal smart.
Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,
Is truly great ; nor would I make it less :
That were to wrong her, where she merits most ;
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast.
And who would run, that's moderately wise,
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize ?
If you miscarry, you are lost so far ;
(For there's no erring twice in love and war)
You'll ne'er recover, but must always wear
Those chains you'll find it difficult to bear.
Delia has charms, I own ; such charms would move
Old Age, and frozen Impotence to love :
But do not venture, where such danger lies ;
Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,
Whose pois'nous rays do to the soul impart
Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.
You draw, insensibly, destruction near ;
And love the danger, which you ought to fear.
If the light pains you labour under now,
Destroy your ease and make your spirits bow,

You'll find 'em much more grievous to be born,
When heavier made by an imperious scorn :
Nor can you hope she will your passion hear
With softer notions, or a kinder ear,
Than those of other swains ; who always found,
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
But grant, she should indulge your flame, and
give

Whate'er you'd ask, nay, all you can receive ;
The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,
Bring such a weak, and such a feeble joy,
You'd have but small encouragement to boast
The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.
Consider, Strephon, soberly of things,
What strange inquietudes love always brings ?
The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies,
Which still attend upon this fond disease ;
How you must cringe and bow, submit and
whine ;

Call ev'ry feature, ev'ry look, divine :
Command each sentence with an humble smile :
Tho' nonsense, swear it is an heav'nly style :
Servilely rail at all she disapproves,
And as ignobly flatter all she loves :
Renounce your very sense, and silent sit,
While she puts off impertinence for wit :
Like setting-dog, new whip'd for springing game,
You must be made, by due correction, tame.
But if you can endure the nauseous rule
Of woman, do ; love on, and be a fool.

24 LOVE TRIUMPHANT

You know the danger, your own methods use;
The good or evil's in your pow'r to choose :
But who'd expect a short and dubious bliss
On the declining of a precipice;
Where, if he slips, not Fate itself can save
The falling wretch from an untimely grave?

Thou great Directress of our mind, said I,
We safely on your dictates may rely ;
And that which you have now so kindly prest,
Is true, and without contradiction best :
But with a steady sentence to controul
The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,
While gay temptations hover in her sight,
And daily bring new objects of delight,
Which on us with surprizing beauty smile,
Is difficult ; but is a noble toil.

The best may slip, and the most cautious fall ;
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all,
And tho' fair Delia has my soul possess'd,
I'll chace her bright idea from my breast :
At least, I'll make one essay. If I fail,
And Delia's charms o'er Reason does prevail,
I may be, sure, from rigid censure free,
Love was my foe, and Love's a deity.

Then she rejoin'd ; May you successful prove,
In your attempt to curb impetuous love ;
Then will proud Passion own her rightful lord,
You to yourself, I to my throne restor'd :
But to confirm your courage, and inspire
Your resolutions with a bolder fire,

Follow me, Youth! I'll shew you that shall move
Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love.

Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade,
Which melancholy yew and cypress made;
Where I beheld an antiquated pile
Of rugged building in a narrow isle;
The water round it gave a nauseous smell,
Like vapours steaming from a sulph'rous cell.
The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,
O'er-grown with hemlock, on supporters stood;
As did the roof, ungrateful to the view:
'Twas both an hospital, and bedlam too.
Before the entrance, mould'ring bones were
Some skeletons entire, some lately dead; [spread,
A little rubbish, loosely scatter'd o'er
Their bodies uninter'd, lay round the door.
No funeral rites to any here were paid:
But dead like dogs into the dust convey'd.
From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought,
Thro' various turnings to a spacious vault;
Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful sight,
Vast crouds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had,
Which made the prospect more amazing sad;
Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad:
Some swearing loud, and others laughing: Some
Were always talking; others always dumb.
Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,
And quenches with his blood his am'rous fires:

36 LOVE TRIUMPHANT

There hangs a second ; and not far remov'd,
 A third lyes poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.
 All sorts of madness, ev'ry kind of death,
 By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,
 Were here expos'd before my wand'ring eyes,
 The sad effects of female treacheries :
 Others I saw who were not quite bereft
 Of sense, tho' very small remains were left,
 Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,
 For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.
 These on the left.—Upon the right a view
 Of equal horror, equal misery too ;
 Amazing, all employ'd my troubled thought,
 And with new wonder, new aversion brought.
 There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng
 Of pale, lean mortals ; some lay stretch'd along
 On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor ;
 Others extended naked on the floor ;
 Exil'd from human pity here they lie,
 And know no end of misery till they die.
 But death, which comes in gay and prosperous
 Too soon, in time of misery delays. [days
 These dreadful spectacles had so much pow'r,
 I vow'd, and solemnly, to *love* no more :
 For sure that flame is kindled from below,
 Which breeds such sad variety of woe.
 Then we descended, by some few degrees,
 From this stupendous scene of miseries ;
 Bold Reason brought me to another cave,
 Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave.

Here, Youth, she cried, in the acutest pain
 Those villains lie who have their fathers slain,
 Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends,
 to please

Ambitious, proud, revengeful mistresses ;
 Who, after all their services, preferr'd
 Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
 Before those wretches ; who, despairing, dwell
 In agonies no human tongue can tell.
 Darkness prevents the too amazing fight,
 And you may bless the happy want of light.
 But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,
 Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
 So very sad, I could endure no more ;
 Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Then to my guide said I, For pity, now
 Conduct me back ; here I confirm my vow ;
 Which if I dare infringe, be this my fate ;
 To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
 The charms of beauty I'll no more pursue :
 Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too.

Then we return'd to the delightful grove,
 Where Reason still dissuaded me from Love :
 You see, she cried, what misery attends
 On Love, and where too frequently it ends ;
 And let not that unwieldy passion sway
 Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.
 The masculine, brave spirit scorns to own
 The proud usurper of my sacred throne ;

Nor, with idolatrous devotion, pays
 To the false god or sacrifice or praise.
 The Syren's music charms the sailor's ear ;
 But he is ruin'd, if he stops to hear :
 And, if you listen, Love's harmonious voice
 As much delights, as certainly destroys.
 Ambrosia mix'd with Aconite may have
 A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave :
 For tho' the latent poison may be still
 A while, it very seldom fails to kill.
 But who'd partake the food of Gods, to die
 Within a day, or live in misery ?
 Who'd eat with Emperors, if o'er his head
 A poniard hung but by a single thread * ?
 Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,
 And either kill, or surfeit, all that eat :
 Who, when the fated appetite is tir'd,
 E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd
 You've promis'd, Strephon, to forsake the charm
 Of Delia, tho' she courts you to her arms ;
 And sure I may your resolution trust ;
 You'll never want temptation, but be just.
 Vows of this nature, Youth, must not be broke :
 You're always bound, tho' 'tis a gentle yoke.
 Would men be wise, and my advice pursue,
 Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs
 For nothing can oppose his tyranny, [few
 With such a prospect of success as I :

* The feast of Democles.

Me he detests, and from my presence flies,
Who know his arts, and stratagems despise,
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,
To make himself the deity of fools :
Him duly they adore, him blindly serve; [starve.
Some while they're sots, and others while they
For those who under his wild conduct go,
Either come coxcombs, or he makes 'em so :
His charms deprive, by their strange influence,
The brave of courage, and the wise of sense :
In vain philosophy would set the mind
At liberty, if once by him confin'd :
The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
A while may struggle, but at last submit :
Well weigh'd results, and wise conclusions seem
But empty chat, impertinence, to him :
His opiates seize so strongly on the brain,
They make all prudent application vain.
If, therefore, you resolve to live at ease,
To taste the sweetness of internal peace ;
Would not for safety to a battle fly,
Or choose a shipwreck, if afraid to die :
Far from these pleasureable scenes remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.

This said, she vanish'd, and methought I found
Myself transported to a rising ground ;
From whence I did a pleasant vale survey ;
Large was the prospect, beautiful and gay ;
There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
Whose curious forms oblig'd the wond'ring sight.

40 LOVE TRIUMPHANT

Some in full view upon the champain plac'd,
 With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd ;
 Others, in shady groves, retir'd from noise,
 The seat of private and exalted joys.
 At a great distance, I perceiv'd there stood
 A stately building in a spacious wood,
 Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
 High in the air to view the neighb'ring meads ;
 Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days
 In rustie dancing, and delightful plays.
 But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
 I heard from far celestial music sound :
 So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all
 The artful, charming notes did rise and fall ;
 My soul, transported with the graceful airs,
 Shook off the pressures of its former fears :
 I felt afresh the little God begin
 To stir himself, and gently move within,
 Then I repented I had vow'd, no more
 To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
 Why am I now condemn'd to banishment,
 And made an exile by my own consent ?
 I sighing cry'd : why should I live in pain
 Those fleeting hours, which ne'er return again ?
 O Delia ! what can wretched Strephon do ?
 Inhuman to himself and false to you !
 'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason, to remove
 From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love :
 But is not Reason partially unkind ?
 Are all her votaries like me confin'd ?

Must none, that under her dominion live,
To Love and Beauty veneration give ?
Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
With a majestic mien, and charming face ?
Why did she give her that surprising air ;
Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair ;
Mistress of all that can affection move,
If Reason will not suffer us to love ?
But since it must be so, I'll haste away ;
'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.
From you blest shades (if I may call you so
Inculpable) with mighty pain, I go :
Compell'd from hence, I leave my quite here ;
I may find safety, but I buy it dear.

Then turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,
Such as of old were messengers of joy :
Who art thou, or from whence ? If sent, said I,
To me, thy haste requires a quick reply.

I come, he cry'd, from yon cœlestial grove,
Where stands the temple of the God of Love ;
W th whose important favour you are grac'd,
And, justly, in his high protection plac'd :
Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that God,
Whose sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod :
That God to whom the haughty, and the proud,
The bold, the bravest, nay, the best have bow'd ;
That God, whom all the lesser gods adore ;
First in existence, and the first in pow'r.
From him I come, on embassy divine,
To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine ;

42 LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay ;
 Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
 If you dare push your fortune, if you dare
 But be resolv'd, and press the yielding fair,
 Success and glory will your labours crown ;
 For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown.
 But, were you sure to be unkindly us'd,
 Boldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd ;
 He greater glory, and more fame obtains,
 Who loses Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
 But to prevent all fears that may arise,
 (Tho' fears ne'er move the daring and the wise)
 In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
 Where all things past, and present, and to come
 Are writ, I saw these words——It is decreed,
 That Strephon's love to Delia shall succeed.
 What would you more? While youth and vigour
 Love, and be happy ; they decline too fast. [last,
 In youth alone you're capable to prove
 The mighty transports of a generous love :
 For dull old age, with fumbling labour cloy's
 Before the bliss, or gives but wither'd joys.
 Youth's the best time for action mortals have ;
 That past, they touch the confines of the grave ;
 Now if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,
 To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,
 Quick to the blissful, happy mansion fly,
 Where all is one continu'd extasy.
 Delia impatiently expects you there ;
 And sure you will not disappoint the fair.

None but the impotent, or old, would stay,
When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.

Oh ! you convey, said I, dear charming boy,
Into my soul a strange, disorder'd joy.
I would, but dare not, your advice pursue;
I've promis'd Reason, and I must be true;
Reason, the rightful empress of the soul,
Does all exorbitant desires controul;
Checks ev'ry wild excursion of the mind,
By her wise dictates happily confin'd;
And he that will not her commands obey,
Leaves a safe convoy in a dang'rous sea.
True I love Delia to a vast excess,
But I must try to make my passion less:
Try, if I can, if possible, I will;
For I have vow'd, and must that vow fulfil.
Oh ! had I not, with what a vig'rous flight
Could I pursue the quarries of delight ?
How could I press fair Delia in these arms,
Till I dissolv'd in love, and she in charms !
But now no more must I her beauties view ;
Yet tremble at the thought to leave her too.
What would I give, I might my flame allow !
But 'tis forbid by Reason, and a vow ;
Two mighty obstacles : tho' Love, of old,
Has broke thro' greater, stronger powers controul'd

Should I offend, by high example taught,
'T would not be an inexpressible fault,

44 LOVE TRIUMPHANT

The crimes of malice have found grace above ;
 And sure kind Heav'n will spare the crimes of
 Love ;

Couldst thou, my angel, but instruct me, how
 I might be happy, and not break my vow ;
 Or, by some subtle art, dissolve the chain ;
 You'd soon revive my dying hopes again.
 Reason and Love I know could ne'er agree ;
 Both would command, and both superior be.
 Reason's supported by the sin'wy force
 Of solid argument and wise discourse :
 But Love pretends to use no other arms,
 Than soft impressions, and persuasive charms.
 One must be disobey'd ; and shall I prove
 A rebel to my Reason or to Love ?

But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,
 Delia may be unkind, and faithless too ;
 Reject my passion with a proud disdain,
 And scorn the love of such an humble swain :
 Then should I labour under mighty grief,
 Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief.
 So that, methinks, 'tis safer to obey
 Right Reason, tho' she bears a rugged sway,
 Than Love's soft rule : whose subjects und'
 Early or late too sad a share of woe.

Can I so soon forget that wretched crew,
 Reason just now expos'd before my view ?
 If Delia should be cruel, I must be
 A sad partaker of their misery.

But your encouragements so strongly mov'
 I'm almost tempted to pursue my love ;

For sure, no treacherous designs should dwell
In one that argues and persuades so well;
For what could Love by my destruction gain?
Love's an immortal god, and I a swain:
And sure I may without suspicion trust
A God; for Gods can never be unjust.

Right you conclude, reply'd the smiling boy;
Love ruins none; 'tis men themselves destroy:
And those vile wretches whom you lately saw,
Transgress'd his rules, as well as Reason's law.
They're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of
Nor is their punishment so great as just. [Lust;
For Love and Lust essentially divide,
Like day and night, humility and pride:
One darkness bides, t'other does always shine;
This of infernal make, and that divine.
Reason no gen'rous passion does oppose;
'Tis Lust, not Love, and Reason that are foes.
She bids you scorn a base, inglorious flame,
Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came:
In this her precepts should obedience find;
But yours is not of that ignoble kind.
You err, in thinking she would disapprove
The brave pursuit of honourable love;
And therefore judge what's harmless, an offence;
Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.
She could not such insipid counsel give,
As not to love at all; 'tis not to live;
But where bright Virtue and true beauty lyes,
And that's in Delia, charming Delia's eyes.

46 LOVE TRIUMPHANT

Could you, contented, see th' angelic maid
 In old Alexis' dull embraces laid ?
 Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms,
 Which are in heav'n, the heav'n of Delia's arms ?
 Consider, Youth, what transport you forego,
 The most entire felicity below ;
 Which is by Fate alone reserv'd for you ;
 Monarchs have been deny'd ; for monarchs sue.
 I own, 'tis difficult to gain the prize ;
 Or 'twould be cheap and low in noble eyes :
 But there is one soft minute, when the mind
 Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind ;
 Which the wise lover understanding right,
 Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
 You urge your vow, but can those vows prevail,
 Whose first foundation and whose reason fail ?
 You vow'd to leave fair Delia ; but you thought
 Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault.
 But since your judgment err'd, it has no force
 To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of course ;
 And therefore hesitate no longer here,
 But banish all the dull remains of fear.
 Dare you be happy, Youth ? but dare, and be :
 I'll be your convoy to the charming She.
 What ! still irresolute ? debating still ?
 View her, and then forsake her, if you will.
 I'll go, said I ; once more I'll venture all ;
 'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.
 Beauty no mortal can resist ; and Jove
 Laid by his grandeur to indulge his love.

Reason, if I do err, my crime forgive :

Angels alone without offending live.

I go astray, but as the wise have done,

And act a folly which they did not shun.

Then we, descending to a spacious plain,

Were soon saluted by a num'rous train .

Of happy lovers, who consum'd their hours

With constant jollity in shady bowers.

There I beheld the blest variety

Of joy, from all corroding troubles free :

Each follow'd his own fancy to delight ;

Tho' all went different ways, yet all went right.

None err'd, or miss'd the happiness he sought ;

Love to one centre ev'ry twining brought.

We pass'd thro' num'rous pleasant fields and
glades,

By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful shades ;

Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,

Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood.

Round the celestial fane, in goodly rows,

And beauteous order, am'rous myrtle grows ;

Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait

For the kind minute of indulgent fate :

Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,

By secret motions, was to warm the fair ;

To kindle eager longings for the joy ;

To move the slow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering
sight ;

Of vast extent, and of prodigious height :

48 LOVE TRIUMPHANT

The case was marble, but the polish'd stone,
 With such an admirable lustre shone,
 As if some architect divine had strove
 T' outdo the palace of Imperial Jove.
 The pond'rous gates of massy gold were mad
 With di'monds of a mighty size inlaid.
 Here stood the winged guards in order plac'd
 With shining darts and golden quivers grac'd
 As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings
 And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling
 strings;

The grateful Youth is come to sacrifice
 At Delia's altar, to bright Delia's eyes;
 With harmony divine his soul inspire,
 That he may boldly touch the sacred fire.
 And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,
 Cœlestial incense and perfumes prepare:
 While our great god her panting bosom warms
 Refines her beauties, and improves her charms
 Ent'ring the spacious dome, my raviish'd eyes
 A wond'rous scene of glory did surprize:
 The riches, symmetry, and brightness, all
 Did equally for admiration call;
 But the description is a labour fit
 For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidst the temple was an altar made
 Of solid gold, where adoration's paid.
 Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,
 Not daring boldly to approach too near;
 Till from the God a smiling Cupid came,
 And bid me touch the consecrated flame:

Which done, my guide my eager steps convey'd
To th' apartment of the beauteous maid.

Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
On pedestals of polish'd marble plac'd ;
By it her guardian Cupid always stands,
Who troops of missionary Loves commands :
To him, with soft addresses all repair ;
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair ;
Tho' still in vain they importun'd : for he
Would give encouragement to none but me.
There stands the youth, he cry'd, must take the
The lovely Delia can be none but his : [bliss ;
Fate has selected him ; and mighty Love
Confirms below what that decrees above.
Then press no more ; there's not another swain
On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
Kneel, Youth, and with a grateful mind renew
Your vows ; swear you'll eternally be true.
But if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove, }
You'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love }
As hot, as fierce, as terrible as Jove.
Hear me, ye Gods, said I, now hear me swear,
By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair !
If I prove false to Delia, let me fall
The common obloquy, condemn'd by all !
Let me the utmost of your vengeance try ;
Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die !
Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping maid,
Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid.
The blushing colour in her cheeks express'd,
What tender thoughts inspir'd her heaving breast.

30 LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Sometimes a sigh, half smother'd, stole away;
Then she would Strephon, charming Strephon,
say;

Sometimes, the smiling cry'd, You love, 'tis true;
But will you always, and be faithful too?
Ten thousand graces play'd about her face;
Ten thousand charms attending ev'ry grace:
Each admirable feature did impart
A secret rapture to my throbbing heart.
The nymph * imprison'd in the brazen tower,
When Jove descended in a golden shower,
Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
Brought down that God from the neglected skies.
So moving, so transporting was the sight;
So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright;
My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught,
Lay all dissolv'd in extacy of thought.

Long time I gaz'd; but as I trembling drew,
Nearer, to make a more obliging view,
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise
Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

* Danae.

T H E
FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

G 2

1

1

T H E

FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

AS Strephon in a wither'd cypress shade,
For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,
Revolving lay upon his wretched state,
And the hard usage of too partial Fate;
Thus the sad youth complain'd: Once happy
swain,

Now the most abject shepherd of the plain!
Where's that harmonious concert of delights,
Those peaceful days, and pleasureable nights,
That gen'rous mirth and noble jollity,
Which gaily made the dancing minutes fly?
Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled breast;
Nor leave me one short interval of rest.

Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame
And play in torment such a losing game:
All things conspire to make my ruin sure:
When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.
But heav'n sometimes does a miraculous thing,
When our last hope is just upon the wing;
And in a moment drives those clouds away,
Whose sullen darkness hid a glorious day.

54 THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

Why was I born, or why do I survive;
To be made wretched only, kept alive?
Fate is too cruel in the harsh decree,
That I must live, yet live in misery.
Are all its pleasing happy moments gone?
Must Strephon be unfortunate alone?
On other swains it lavishly bestows;
On them each nymph neglected favour throws:
They meet compliance still in every face,
And lodge their passions in a kind embrace;
Obtaining from the soft, incurious maid,
True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
Success on Mævius always does attend;
Inconstant fortune is his constant friend;
He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit,
And owes the victory to chance, not wit.
But, let him conquer ere one blow be struck,
I'd not be Mævius to have Mævius' luck.
Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
For all the trophies purring Mævius gains;
But rather still live Delia's slave than be
Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.
But he is happy; loves the common road;
And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load.
If Phyllis peevish or unkind does prove,
It ne'er disturbs his grave, mechanic love.
A little joy his languid flame contents,
And makes him easy under all events.
But when a passion's noble and sublime,
And higher still would ev'ry moment climb;

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT. 59

If 'tis accepted with a just return,
The fire's immortal, will for ever burn;
And with such raptures fills the lover's breast,
That saints in Paradise are scarce more blest.

But I lament my miseries in vain;
For Delia hears me, pitiless, complain.
Suppose she pities, and believes me true; }
What satisfaction can from thence accrue,
Unless her pity makes her love me too?
Perhaps she loves ('tis but perhaps, I fear,
For that's a blessing can't be bought too dear,)
If she has scruples that oppose her will,
I must, alas! be miserable still.

Tho', if she loves, those scruples soon will fly
Before the reas'ning of the deity:
For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
And suffer no copartner in his throne;
And those false arguments, that would repel
His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.

What method can poor Stephon then pro-
pound,
To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
If she, who guided the vexatious dart,
Resolves to cherish and increase the smart?
Go, youth, from these unhappy plains remove,
Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love:
Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate;
Tell 'em the cruelty of frowning Fate;
Tell 'em the noble charms of Delia's mind;
Tell 'em how fair, but tell 'em how unkind:

86 THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent,
 (For sure they cannot be of large extent)
 In pray'rs for her thou lov'st, resign thy breath,
 And bless the minute gives thee ease and death.

Here paus'd the swain--- When Delia, driving by
 Her bleating flock to some fresh pasture nigh,
 By love directed, did her steps convey
 Where Strephon, wrapp'd in silent sorrow, lay.
 As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
 He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said :

When humble suppliants would the gods appease,

And in severe afflictions beg for ease,
 With constant importunity they sue,
 And their petitions ev'ry day renew ;
 Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,
 Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
 Till Heav'n those blessings they enjoy'd before,
 Not only does return, but gives 'em more.

O, do not blame me, Delia ! if I press
 So much, and with impatience, for redress.
 My pond'rous griefs no ease my soul allow ;
 For they are next t' intolerable now :
 How shall I then support 'em, when they grow
 To an excess, to a distracting woe ?
 Since you're endow'd with a celestial mind,
 Relieve like heav'n, and, like the gods, be kind.
 Did you perceive the torments I endure,
 Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT. 51

They would your virgin soul to pity move ;
And pity may at last be chang'd to love.
Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair,
And lead th' incautious maid into a snare ;
But let them suffer for their perjury,
And do not punish others' crimes with me.
If there's so many of our sex untrue,
Yours should more kindly use the faithful few ;
Tho' innocence too oft incurs the fate
Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.

Your nature is to tenderness inclin'd ;
And why to me, to me alone, unkind ?
A common love, by other persons shewn,
Meets with a full return ; but mine has none :
Nay, scarce believ'd ; tho' from deceit as free
As angels' flames can for archangels be.
A passion feign'd, at no repulse is griev'd,
And values little if it been't receiv'd :
But, love sincere resents the smallest scorn,
And the unkindness does in secret mourn.

Sometimes I please myself, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by despair :
That tenderness, which in your soul is plac'd,
Will move you to compassion sure at last.
But when I come to take a second view
Of my own merits, I despond of you :
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, see,
To raise in her the least esteem for me :
I've nought that can encourage my address ;
My fortune's little, and my worth is less :

38 , THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

But, if a love of the sublimest kind
Can make impresson on a gen'rous mind :
If all is real value that's divine ,
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.

Perhaps you pity me : I know you must,
And my affection can no more distrust :
But what, alas! will helpless pity do?
You pity, but you may despise me too.
Still I am wretched, if no more you give,
The starving orphan can't on pity live :
He must receive the food for which he cries,
Or he consumes ; and, tho' much pity'd, die

My torments still do with my passion grow
The more I love, the more I undergo.
But suffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the pressures of so vast a pain.
My wound requires some speedy remedy ;
Delays are fatal, when despair is nigh.
Much I've endur'd, much more than I can
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well
When will the end of all my sorrows be ?
Can you not love ? I'm sure you pity me.
But if I must new miseries sustain,
And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain
I'll not accuse you, since my fate is such,
I please too little, and I love too much.

Strephon, no more, the blushing Delia see
Excuse the conduct of a tim'rous maid ;
Now I'm convinc'd you love's sublime and true
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT. 59

Each kind expression, ev'ry tender thought,
A mighty transport in my bosom wrought :
And tho' in secret I your flame approv'd,
I sigh'd and griev'd ; but durst not own I lov'd.
Tho' now—O Strephon ! be so kind to guess,
What shame will not allow me to confess.
The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,
Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight.
By too sublime an extasy possess'd,
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast :
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove ;
Vow'd endless truth, and everlasting love.



STREPHON'S

LOVE FOR

DELI A

JUSTIFIED.

IN AN

EPISTLE

TO

CELADON.



S T R E P H O N ' s

L O V E F O R

D E L I A

J U S T I F I E D.

I N A N

E P I S T L E

T O

C E L A D O N.

64 STREPHON'S LOVE

My faults you too severely reprehend,
More like a rigid censor than a friend.
Love is the monarch passion of the mind;
Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd;
But triumphs still, impatient of controul,
O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

You own'd my Delia, Friend, divinely fair,
While in the bud her native beauties were :
Your praise did then her early charms confess,
Yet you'd persuade me to adore her less.
You but the nonage of her beauty saw,
But might from thence sublime ideas draw ;
And what she is, by what she was, conclude ;
For now she governs those she then subdu'd.

Her aspect noble and mature is grown,
And ev'ry charm in its full vigour known.
There we may wond'ring view, distinctly writ,
The lines of goodness, and the marks of wit :
Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,
Does, justly, some peculiar sweetness boast ;
And her composure's of so fine a frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal beauties of the skies
Contended naked for the golden prize,
The apple had not fallen to Venus' share,
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there ;
In whom alone we all their graces find,
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd
With Juno's aspect, and Minerva's mind.

}

View but those nymphs whom other swains
adore,

You'll value charming Delia still the more.
Dorinda's mien's majestic; but her mind
Is to revenge and peevishness inclin'd;
Myrtilla's fair; and yet Myrtilla's proud:
Chloe has wit; but noisy, vain and loud:
Melania doats upon the silliest things;
And yet Melania like an angel sings.
But in my Delia all endowments meet;
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet;
All that can praise and admiration move;
All that the wisest and the bravest love.

In all discourse she's apposite and gay,
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say;
For, if the subject's of a serious kind,
Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refin'd:
But if divertive, her expressions fit,
Good language, join'd with inoffensive wit:
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords
An idle thought the charity of words.

The vices common to her sex can find
No room, e'en in the suburbs of her mind:
Concluding wisely she's in danger still,
From the mere neighb'rhood of industrious ill;
Therefore at distance keeps the subtle foe,
Whose near approach would formidable grow;
While the unwary virgin is undone,
And meets the mis'ry which she ought to shun.

Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay,
 But lets true judgment and right reason sway :
 Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend,
 Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.
 Her darts are keen, but levell'd 'with such care
 They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far :
 For when she rallies, 'tis with so much art,
 We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smar

O Celadon ! you would my flame approve,
 Did you but hear her talk, and talk of Love.
 That tender passion to her fancy brings
 The prettiest notions, and the softest things ;
 Which are by her so movingly exprest,
 They fill with ecstasy my throbbing breast.
 'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
 Their native glories unimprov'd by art ;
 By what she says I measure things above,
 And guess the language of seraphic Love.

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,
 By some wild beech or lofty poplar made,
 When Ev'ning comes, we secretly repair
 To breathe in private, and unbend our care:
 And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed,
 Some well design'd, instructive poems read ;
 Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd
 At once delight and cultivate the mind :
 Which are by her to more perfection brought,
 By wise remarks upon the poet's thought,
 So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,
 The empty sound of words from solid sense ;

The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,
Whose random arrow near comes near the mark,
Can't on her judgment be impos'd and pass
For standard gold, when 'tis but gilded brass.
Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,
Where first we mutually engag'd to love;
She smiling ask'd me, Whether I'd prefer
An humble cottage on the plains with her,
Before the pompous buildings of the Great,
And find content in that inferior state?
Said I, The question you propose to me,
Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
Were the degrees of my affection less
Than burning martyrs to the Gods express.
In you I've all I can desire below,
'That Earth can give me or the Gods bestow;
And, blest with You, I know not where to find
A second choice; You take up all my mind:
I'd not forsake that dear, delightful plain,
Where charming Delia, Love and Delia reign,
For all the splendor that a court can give,
Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.
'Tho' youthful Paris when his birth was known,
(Too fatally related to a throne)
Forsook Oenone and his rural sports,
For dang'rous greatness, and tumultuous courts;
Yet Fate should still offer its pow'r in vain;
For what is pow'r to such an humble swain?
I would not leave my Delia, leave my Fair,
'Tho' half the globe should be assign'd my share

68 STREPHON'S LOVE

And would you have me, friend, reflect again,
Become the basest and the worst of men ?
O, do not urge me, Celadon, forbear ;
I cannot leave her : she's too charming fair !
Should I your counsel in this case pursue,
You might suspect me for a villain too :
For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove
Just to his friend, who's faithless to his love.

AN

E P I S T L E

T O

D E L I A.



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
D E L I A

AS those who hope hereafter Heav'n to share
A rig'rous exile here can calmly bear,
And with collected spirits, undergo
The sad variety of pain below;
Yet, with intense reflections, antedate
The mighty raptures of a future state;
While the bright prospect of approaching joy
Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy;
So tho' I'm toss'd by giddy Fortune's hand,
Ev'n to the confines of my native land,
Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,
And break its waves upon the foaming shore;
Tho' from my Delia banish'd, all that's dear,
That's good, or beautiful, or charming here:

72 AN EPISTLE TO DELIA.

Yet flatt'ring hopes encourage me to live,
 And tell me, Fate will kinder minutes give;
 That the dark treasury of Time contains
 Th' happy day that shall finish all my pains :
 And while I contemplate on joys to come,
 My griefs are silent, and my sorrows dumb.
 Believe me, Nymph, believe me, charming fair,
 (When truth's conspicuous, we need not swear;
 Oaths will suppose a diffidence in you,
 That I am false, my flame fictitious too)
 Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial pow'r,
 Ne'er to return to your embraces more,
 I'd scorn whate'er the busy world could give;
 'Twould be the worst of miseries to live :
 For, all my wishes and desires pursue,
 All I admire, or covet here, is you.
 Were I possess'd of your surprising charms,
 And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms,
 Then would my joys ascend to that degree,
 Could angels envy, they would envy me.

Oft, as I wander in a silent shade,
 When bold vexations would my soul invade,
 I banish the rough thought, and none pursue,
 But what inclines my willing mind to you.
 The soft reflections on your sacred love,
 Like sov'reign Antidotes, all cares remove ;
 Composing ev'ry faculty to rest,
 They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,
 I think o'er all the stories of our love.

AN EPISTLE TO DELIA. 73

What mighty pleasures have I oft possess'd,
 When in a masculine embrace, I prest
 The lovely Delia to my heaving breast !
 Then I remember, and with vast delight,
 The kind expressions of the parting night ;
 Methought the sun too quick return'd again,
 And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.
 Strong and contracted was our eager bliss ;
 An age of pleasure in each gen'rous kiss :
 Years of delight in moments we compriz'd ;
 And Heav'n itself was there epitomiz'd.

But, when the glories of the eastern light
 O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night,
 Farewel, my Delia, O farewel ! said I,
 The utmost period of my time is nigh :
 Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,
 And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.
 But, tho' I must my native plains forego,
 Forsake these fields, forsake my Delia too,
 No change of fortune shall for ever move
 The settled base of my immortal love.

And must my Strephon, must my faithful swain,
 Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter plain !
 The darling of my soul so soon remov'd !
 The only valu'd and the best belov'd !
 Tho' other swains to me themselves address'd,
 Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest :
 Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd ;
 Little themselves, their passions less, esteem'd ;

34 AN EPISTLE TO DELIA.

For my aversion with their flames increas'd,
 And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd:
 Tho' I'm depriv'd of my kind shepherd's sight,
 Joy of the day, and blessing of the night;
 Yet will you, Strephon, will you love me still?
 However, flatter me and say you will.
 For should you entertain a rival love;
 Should you unkind to me or faithless prove;
 No mortal e'er could half so wretched be:
 For sure no mortal ever lov'd like me.

Your beauty, Nymph, said I, my faith secures;
 Those you once conquer, must be always yours:
 For hearts subdu'd by your victorious eyes
 No force can storm, no stratagem surprize;
 Nor can I of captivity complain,
 While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
 The Cyprian Queen, in young Adonis' arms,
 Might fear, at least, he would despise her charms;
 But I can never such a monster prove,
 To slight the blessings of my Delia's love.
 Would those who at celestial tables sit,
 Blest with immortal wine, immortal wit,
 Choose to descend to some inferior board,
 Which nought but stum and nonsense can afford?
 Nor can I e'er to those gay nymphs address,
 Whose pride is greater, and whose charms are less:
 Their tinsel beauty, may perhaps subdue
 A gaudy Coxcomb, or a tulsome Beau;
 But seem at best indifferent to me,
 Who none but you with admiration see.

AN EPISTLE TO DELIA. 75

Now, would the rolling Orbs obey my will,
 I'd make the sun a second time stand still,
 And to the lower world their light repay,
 When conqu'ring Joshua robb'd 'em of a day:
 Tho' our two souls would diff'rent passions move;
 His was a thirst of glory, mine of love.
 It will not be; the sun makes haste to rise,
 And takes possession of the eastern skies;
 Yet one more kiss, tho' millions are too few;
 And Delia, since we must, must part, adieu.

As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driv'n
 From Eden's groves, the vicinage of Heav'n;
 Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
 The harsh impressions of a ruder air;
 With mighty sorrow, and with weeping eyes,
 Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of Paradise:
 With a concern like his did I review
 My native plains, my charming Delia too;
 For I left Paradise, in leaving you. }

If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find,
 It brings your fair idea to my mind;
 Such was the happy place, I, sighing, say,
 Where I and Delia, lovely Delia, lay,
 When first I did my tender thoughts impart,
 And made a grateful present of my heart.
 Or, if my friend, in his apartment, shews
 Some piece of Vandyke's, or of Angelo's,
 In which the artist has with wond'rous care
 Describ'd the face of one exceeding fair;

76 AN EPISTLE TO DELIA.

Tho', at first sight, it may my passion raise,
And ev'ry feature I admire and praise;
Yet still, methinks, upon a second view,
'Tis not so beautiful, so fair, as you.
If I converse with those whom most admit
To have a ready, gay, vivacious wit:
They want some amiable, moving grace,
Some turn of fancy, that my Delia has:
For ten good thoughts, amongst the crowd the
Methinks ten thousand are impertinent. [ven

Let other shepherds, that are prone to range
With each caprice their giddy humour change,
They, from variety, less joys receive,
Than you, alone, are capable to give.
Nor will I envy those ill-judging swains,
(What they enjoy's the refuse of the plains)
If, for my share of happiness below,
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would bestow;
Whatever blessings it can give beside,
Let all mankind among themselves divide.

A

PASTORAL ESSAY

ON THE DEATH OF

QUEEN MARY,

A N N O 1694.



PASTORAL ESSAY

ON THE DEATH OF

QUEEN MARY.

ANNO 1694.

AS gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd
A wand'ring lamb, which from the flocks
had stray'd,

Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground:
Amaz'd, with eager haste he ran to know
The fatal cause of her intemp'rate woe;
And clasping her to his impatient breast,
In these soft words his tender care express'd.

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Cosmelia? why appears
My life, my soul, dissolv'd in briny tears?

80 PASTORAL ON THE

Has some fierce tyger thy lov'd heifer slain,
While I was wandering on the neighb'ring plain ?
Or has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep ;
What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep ?
Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increase,
Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

C O S M E L I A.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell ?
'Tis for—I cannot the sad tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting spirits fled ;
'Tis for Cælestia, Strephon, oh, she's dead ?
The brightest nymph, the princess of the plain,
By an untimely dirt, untimely slain !

S T R E P H O N.

Dead ! 'tis impossible ! she cannot die !
She's too divine, too much a deity :
'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread,
Who wish, perhaps, the good Cælestia dead.

C O S M E L I A.

Ah, no, the truth in every face appears ;
For every face you meet's o'erflow'd with tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran thro' all the plain,
From flock to flock, and ask'd of every swain ;
But each, scarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd, Oh, Cosmelia ! Oh, Cælestia's dead !

S T R E P H O N.

Something was meant by that ill-boding
croak
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,
Which straight by lightning was in shivers
broke.

DEATH OF QUEEN MARY. 81

But we our mischief feel, before we see ;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

C O S M E L I A.

Since then we have no trophies to bestow,
No pompous things to make a glorious show,
(For all the tribute a poor swain can bring,
In rural numbers is to mourn and sing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy shade rehearse
Cælestia's sacred name, in no less sacred verse.

S T R E P H O N.

Cælestia dead ! then 'tis in vain to live :
What's all the comfort that the plains can give,
Since she, by whose bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone ;
Since she, who round such beams of goodness
spread

As gave new life to every swain, is dead ?

C O S M E L I A.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring ;
What joys can flowery May or April bring,
When she, for whom the spacious plains were
spread

With early flowers and chearful greens, is dead ?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
To give to summer fruits a winter birth ;
In vain we Autumn wait, which crowns the
fields

With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields ;

L

82 PASTORAL ON THE

Since that fair nymph, for whom the bound
Of nature was preserved, is now no more. [f

S T R E P H O N.

Farewel for ever then to all that's gay !
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with chearful songs, in cooling bow
Shall we consume the pleasurable hours.
All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Cælestia's dead !

C O S M E L I A.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays
Of great Cælestia's name, Cælestia's praise :
How good she was, how generous, how wise
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes
How charming all ; how much she was ador
Alive ; when dead, how much her loss depl
A noble theme, and able to inspire
The humblest muse with the sublimest fire.
And, since we do of such a Princess sing,
Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing ;
And, while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make the harmony divine.
Raise then thy tuneful voice, and be the son
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.

S T R E P H O N.

When her great Lord to foreign wars
And left Cælestia here to rule alone ; [g
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
When storms arose, did she the vessel steer !

DEATH OF QUEEN MARY. 83

And when the raging of the waves did cease,
How gentle was her sway in times of peace!
Justice and Mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples spread a glorious light;
So quick she eas'd the wrongs of ev'ry swain,
She hardly gave them leisure to complain:
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
Th' avenging sword of necessary law:
Like Heav'n, she took no pleasure to destroy:
With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

C O S M E L I A.

When godlike Belliger, from War's alarms,
Return'd in triumph to Cælestia's arms,
She met her hero with a full desire:
But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire
Such mutual flames, so equally divine,
Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,
His could not seem the greater, her's the less;
Both were immense, for both were in excess.

S T R E P H O N.

Oh, godlike Princess! Oh, thrice happy swains!
Whilst she presided o'er the fruitful plains!
Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,
To mingle with her kindred of the skies,
Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ;
The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's
joy!

C O S M E L I A.

All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
There Wisdom sat, with solid Reason join'd;

L 2

34 PASTORAL ON THE

There too did Piety and Greatness wait :
 Meekness on grandeur, modesty on state :
 Humble amidst the splendors of a throne ;
 Plac'd above all, and yet despising none ;
 And when a crown was forc'd on her by Fate,
 She, with some pain, submitted to be great.

S T R E P H O N.

Her pious soul with emulation strove
 To gain the mighty Pan's important love :
 To whose mysterious rites she always came,
 With such an active, so intense a flame,
 The duties of religion seem'd to be
 No more her care than her felicity.

C O S M E L I A.

Virtue unmix'd, without the least alloy,
 Pure as the light of a celestial ray,
 Commanded all the motions of the soul
 With such a soft, but absolute controul,
 That as she knew what best great Pan would
 please,

She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.
 Him for her high exemplar she design'd ;
 Like him, benevolent to all mankind.
 Her foes she pity'd, not desir'd their blood :
 And to revenge their crimes, she did them good :
 Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,
 (Maugre that violent temptation, power)
 As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
 Or with'd forgiveness their worst punishment.

DEATH OF QUEEN MARY. 73

S T R E P H O N.

Next mighty Pan, was her illustrious Lord,
His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd:
Ilim with such piety and zeal the lov'd,
The noble passion every hour improv'd:
'Till it ascended to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her so entire a duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey;
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

C O S M E L I A.

Mature for Heav'n, the fatal mandate came,
With it a chariot of ethereal flame;
In which, Elijah-like, she pass'd the spheres;
Brought joy to Heav'n, but left the world in
tears.

S T R E P H O N.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright!
While the immortal minds around her gaze
On the excessive splendor of her rays;
And scarce believe, a human soul could be
Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

C O S M E L I A.

Who can lament too much? O, who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful Cælestia's urn?
So great a loss as this deserves excess
Of sorrows; all's too little that is less.

86 PASTORAL ON THE

But, to supply the universal woe,
Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow :
All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing breasts, Cælestia's fate bemoan ;
While marble rocks the common griefs partake,
And echo back those cries they cannot make.

S T R E P H O N.

Weep then (once fruitful) vales and spring with
yew !

Ye thirsty, barren mountains, weep with dew !
Let every flower on this extended plain
Not droop, but shrink, into its womb again,
Ne'er to receive a-new its yearly birth ;
Let every thing that's grateful leave the earth !
Let mournful cypress, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms in their place succeed !
Ye purling, quer'lous brooks, o'ercharg'd with
grief,

Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief ;
Then tiding back, each to his sacred head,
Tell your astonish'd springs, Cælestia's dead !

C O S M E L I A.

Well have you sung, in an exalted strain,
The fairest nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.
Who knows but some officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey ;
That she may smile upon us from above,
And bless our mournful plains with peace and
love ?



T O H I S
F R I E N D

U N D E R
A F F L I C T I O N .

M



T O H I S
F R I E N D
U N D E R
A F F L I C T I O N.

NONE lives in this tumult'ous state of things,
Where ev'ry morning some new trouble
But bold inquietudes will break his rest, [brings,
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.
Angelic forms, and happy spirits are
Above the malice of perplexing care :
But that's a blessing too sublime, too high
For those who bend beneath mortality.
If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
And but one passion could torment the mind ;
That part, that passion, busy Fate would find :
But, since infirmities in both abound,
Since sorrow both so many ways can wound ;
'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on ea
 With all the glories of estate and birth,
 Had yet some anxious care to make him kn
 No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
 To be from all things that disquiet free,
 Is not consistent with humanity.
 Youth, wit and beauty are such charming thi
 O'er which, if Affluence spreads her gaudy w
 We think the person who enjoys so much,
 No care can move, and no affliction touch.
 Yet, could we but some secret method find
 To view the dark recesses of the mind,
 We there might see the hidden seeds of strif
 And woes in embryo rip'ning into life :
 How some fierce lust, or boist'rous passion fi
 The lab'ring spirits with prolific ills ;
 Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,
 And all right Reason's godlike pow'rs contr
 But if she must not be allow'd to sway,
 Tho' all without appears serene and gay,
 A cank'rous venom on the vitals preys,
 And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp and visible success
 Sometimes contribute to our happiness ;
 But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
 Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd.
 Then, to whatever end affliction's sent,
 To try our virtues, or for punishment,
 We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous woe,
 And still adore the hand that gives the blow

For in misfortunes this advantage lyes,
They make us humble, and they make us wise.
And he that can acquire such virtue, gains
An ample recompence for all his pains.

Too soft careffes of a prosp'rous fate
The pious fervours of the soul abate ;
Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
And gloomy vapours round the spirits raise.
Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dosing ly,
And find our ruin in security ;
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' enchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,
In blackest days, some glimmerings of light ;
So in the most dejected hours we may
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray :
And those requests the speediest passage find
To Heav'n, which flow from an afflicted mind :
And while to him we open our distress,
Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.
The finest music of the grove we owe
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe ;
And while her grief's in charming notes exprest,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast :
In warbling melody she spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight,
We cannot level our own wishes right !

94 TO HIS FRIEND, &c.

And if some times we make a wise advance,
 T' ourselves we little owe, but much to Chance.
 So that when Providence for secret ends,
 Corroding cares, or sharp affliction sends;
 We must conclude it best it should be so,
 And not desponding, or impatient grow :
 For he that will his confidence remove
 From boundless wisdom and eternal love,
 To place it on himself, or human aid,
 Will meet those woes he labours to evade.
 But in the keenest agonies of grief,
 Content's a cordial that still gives relief.
 Heav'n is not always angry when he strikes,
 But most chastises those whom most he likes :
 And, if with humble spirits they complain
 Relieves the anguish or rewards the pain.

T O

ANOTHER FRIEND

U N D E R

A F F L I C T I O N.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell
An easy conquest to the pow'rs of Hell,
There's none in ev'ry stage of life can be
From the insults of bold Affliction free.
If a short respite gives us some relief,
And interrupts the series of our grief,
So quick the pangs of misery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.
Reason resign'd, and to perfection brought,
By wise Philosophy, and serious thought,
Supports the soul beneath the pond'rous weight
Of angry stars, and unpropitious fate.
Then is the time she should exert her pow'r,
And make us practice what she taught before.
For why are such volum'ous authors read,
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By sage results, and well-digested sense;

That when the storm of misery appears,
 With all its real or fantastic fears,
 We either may the rolling danger fly,
 Or stem the tide before it swells too high.

But tho' the theory of Wisdom's known
 With ease, what should, and what should not
 Yet all the labour in the practice lies, [don
 To be, in more than words and notions, wise
 The sacred truth of sound philosophy
 We study early, but we late apply.
 When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,
 Right reason would its haughty rage controul
 But if it may'nt be suffer'd, to endure
 The pain is just, when we reject the cure.
 For, many men, close observation finds,
 Of copious learning, and exalted minds,
 Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,
 And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes;
 As if they understood not how to be,
 Or wise, or brave, but in felicity;
 And by some action, servile or unjust,
 Lay all their former glories in the dust.
 For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,
 And leaves him naked to his enemies;
 So that, when most his prudence should be shew
 The most imprudent, giddy things are done.
 For when the mind's surrounded with distress
 Fear or inconstancy the judgment press,
 And render it incapable to make
 Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.

Yet there's a steadiness of soul and thought,
By reason bred and by religion taught,
Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

In sharp misfortunes some will search too deep,
What Heav'n prohibits, and would secret keep;
But these events 'tis better not to know,
Which, known, serve only to increase our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to pursue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
For, had our earliest parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd
Their joys entire; for then they had not swerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their desires were such)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er since by folly most to wisdom rise;
And few are, but by sad experience, wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do not murmur, when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left.
Consider, too, how many thousands are
Under the worst of miseries, despair;
And don't repine at what you now endure,
Custom will give you ease, or time will cure.
Once more consider, that the present ill,
Tho' it be great, may yet be greater still;
And be not anxious for to undergo
One grief; 'tis nothing to a num'rous woe.

98 TO ANOTHER FRIEND, &c.

But since it is impossible to be
Human, and not expos'd to misery,
Bear it, my Friend, as bravely as you can :
You are not more, and be not less than man !

Afflictions past can no existence find,
But in the wild ideas of the mind :
And why should we for those misfortunes mourn,
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return;
Those that have weather'd a tempestuous night,
And find a calm approaching with the light,
Will not, unless their reason they disown,
Still make those dangers present that are gone.
What is behind the curtain none can see;
It may be joy : suppose it misery ;
'Tis future still ; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the present ill alone we ought
To view, in reason, with a troubled thought ;
But if we may the sacred pages trust,
He's always happy, that is always just.

T O H I S
F R I E N D
I N C L I N E D T O
M A R R Y.

I WOULD not have you, Strephon, choose a
 From too exalted, or too mean a state; [mate
 For in both these we may expect to find
 A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
 Who moves within the middle region, shares
 The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
 Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
 If something brighter, not too bright for thine;
 Her education liberal, not great;
 Neither inferior, nor above her state.
 Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
 From affectation, pride and pedantry:
 For the effect of woman's wit is such,
 Too little is as dang'rous as too much.
 But chiefly let her humour close with thine,
 Unless where yours does to a fault incline;

N 2

The least disparity in this destroys,
 Like sulph'rous blasts, the very buds of joys.
 Her person amiable, straight, and free
 From natural or chance deformity.
 Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
 For women past their vigour soon decline.
 Her fortune competent; and, if thy sight
 Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
 If thine's enough, then her's may be the less:
 Do not aspire to riches in excess.
 For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
 Is a genteel Sufficiency, and Love.

*
 *
 *

T O A
P A I N T E R
DRAWING

DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, the utmost of thy judgement
show;
Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo :
With all the liveliness of thought express
The moving features of Dorinda's face.
Thou can'st not flatter, where such beauty dwells;
Her charms thy colours, and thy art, excels.
Others less fair may from thy pencil have
Graces, which sparing Nature never gave ;
But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see
Such as will 'pose thy famous art, and thee ;
So great, so many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and so wond'rous bright,
No human skill can e'er express them all,
But must do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours, when an angel fits.

Thy Picture may as like Dorinda be
 As art of man can paint a deity ;
 And justly may, perhaps, when she with
 Excite our wonder, and deserve applaus
 But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to
 No art can equal what's by Nature done.
 Great Lilly's noble hand excell'd by few
 The picture fairer than the person drew
 He took the best that Nature could impa
 And made it better by his pow'rful art.
 But, had he seen that bright, surprising
 Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's f
 Vain had been all the essays of his skill ;
 She must have been confess the fairest st
 Heav'n in a landscape may be wond'ro
 And look as bright as painted light can
 But still the real glories of the place
 All art, by infinite degrees, surpass,

T O T H E
P A I N T E R

After he had finished

DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what man
can do ;

Only Dorinda's self more charms can shew.

Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch ;

But still the beauties of her face are such

As cannot justly be describ'd ; tho' all

Confess'd 'tis like the bright original.

In her, and in thy picture, we may view

The utmost Nature, or that Art can do ;

Each is a master-piece, design'd so well,

That future times may strive to parallel ;

But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

}



CRUELTY AND LUST.

A N

EPISTOLARY ESSAY.

O



ELTY AN

A N

STOLARY ESSAY*.

WHERE can the wretched'st of all creatures
tell the story of her misery? [fly,
but to faithful Celia, in whose mind
brav'ry's with soft pity join'd.
These lines will scarce be understood,
with incessant tears, and writ in blood:
You can the mournful pages read,
relation shews you such a deed,
the annals of th' infernal reign
neither equal, or exceed, in vain.
Her fame, no doubt, has reach'd your
rueful has caus'd a sea of tears; [ears,
the lamenting town with fun'ral sighs,
and widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries.

This was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirke,
leader in the Western Rebellion, 1685, who de-
bauched a young lady, with a promise to save her husband
but hang'd him the next morning.

At ev'ry health the horrid monster quaff'd,
 Ten wretches dy'd; and as they dy'd, he laugh'd
 Till tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
 Drunk with excess of blood and wine to be
 Oh, cursed place!—I can no more comm
 My pen : shame and confusion shake my h
 But I must on, and let my Celia know
 How barb'rous are my wrongs, how vast my
 Amongst the crowds of Western youths w
 To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy man
 My husband, fatally uniting, went,
 Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' even
 But when the battle was by treach'ry won,
 The chief, and all, but his false friend, und
 Tho', in the tumult of that desp'rate night,
 He 'scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fig
 Yet the sagacious blood-hounds, skill'd too
 In all the murd'ring qualities of hell,
 Each secret place so regularly beat,
 They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.
 As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their pre
 To sure destruction hurry them away;
 So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's son
 With Charion to the common butch'ry run
 Where proud Neronier by his gibbet stood,
 To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood
 Our friends, by pow'rful intercession, gain'
 A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'

• The Duke of Monmouth.

CRUELTY AND LUST. 109

To try all ways might to compassion move
 The savage gen'ral; but in vain they strove.
 When I perceiv'd that all addresses fail'd,
 And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd;
 Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,
 To make the last effort what tears could do.
 Low on my knees I fell; then thus began:
 Great genius of success, thou more than man!
 Whose arms to ev'ry clime have terror hurl'd,
 And carry'd conquest round the trembling world!
 Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,
 Your sword, your conduct, and your cause attend.
 Here now the arbiter of Fate you sit,
 While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.
 Oh, pity the unfortunate! and give
 But this one thing: oh, let but Charion live!
 And take the little all that we possess.
 I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress;
 Content, nay pleas'd, to beg, or earn my bread:
 Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed.
 The fall of such a youth no lustre brings
 To him whose sword performs such won-
 drous things }
 As saving kingdoms, and supporting kings.
 That triumph only with true grandeur shines,
 Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.
 Cæsar the eldest favourite of War,
 Took not more pleasure to subdue than spare:
 And, since in battle you can greater be,
 That over, be'n't less merciful than he.

110 CRUELTY AND LUST.

Ignoble spirits by revenge are known ;
And cruel actions spoil the conqu'rors crown
In future hist'ries fill each mournful page
With tales of blood, and monuments of rag
And while his annals are with horror read,
Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
Oh! do not sully with a sanguine dye,
(The foulest stain) so fair a memory !
Then, as you'll live the glory of our isle,
And Fate on all your expeditions smile :
So, when a noble course you've bravely ran,
Die the best soldier, and the happiest man.
None can the turns of Providence foresee,
Or what their own catastrophe may be ;
Therefore to persons lab'ring under woe,
That mercy they may want, should always sh
For, in the chance of war, the slightest thing
May lose the battle, or the vict'ry bring.
And how would you that gen'ral's honour pr
Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice?

He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
To justice forfeits his opprobrious head ;
But 'tis unhappy Charion's first offence,
Seduc'd by some too plausible pretence,
To take the inj'ring side by error brought ;
He had no malice, tho' he has the fault.
Let the old tempters find a shameful grave :
But the half-innocent, the tempted, save.
Vengeance divine, tho' for the greatest crime
But rarely strikes the first or second time :

CRUELTY AND LUST. 111

And he best follows the Almighty's will,
 Who spares the guilty he has pow'r to kill.
 When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,
 And wild disorders in a land create,
 'Tis requisite the first promoters should
 Put out the flames they kindled with their blood :
 But sure 'tis a degree of murder, all
 That draw their swords, should undistinguish'd
 And since a mercy must to some be shewn, [fall.
 Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one :
 For, as none guilty has less guilt than he,
 So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

When David's general had won the field,
 And Absolam, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd,
 The trumpets sounding, made all slaughter cease,
 And mis'd Israelites return'd in peace.
 The action pass'd, where so much blood was spilt,
 We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt ;
 But all concludes with the desir'd event ;
 The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.
 As great example your great courage warms,
 And to illustrious deeds excites your arms ;
 So, when you instances of mercy view,
 They should inspire you with compassion too :
 For he that emulates the truly brave,
 Would always conquer, and would always save.

Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cry'd,
 (Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with
 Madam, his life depends upon my will : [pride)
 For ev'ry rebel I can spare or kill.

112 CRUELTY AND LUS

I'll think of what you've said : this nigh
At ten ; perhaps you'll have no cause to
Go see your husband, bid him not desp
His crime is great ; but you are wond'rc

When anxious miseries the soul amas
And dire confusion in the spirits raise ;
Upon the least appearance of relief,
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grie
Impatience makes our wishes earnest gro
Which thro' false optics our deliv'rance
For, while we fancy danger does appear
Most at a distance, it is oft too near ;
And many times secure from obvious fo
We fall into an ambushade of woes.

Pleas'd with the false Neronior's dark
I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh
And to the main-guard hasten'd, where
Of this blood-thirsty fiend in durance la
When Charion saw me, from his turfy b
With eagerness he rais'd his drooping he
Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, he c
And in some distant clime thy virtue hi
Here nothing but the foulest Dæmons d
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of
The air they breathe is every atom curst
There's no degree of ills ; for all are wor
In rapes and murders they alone delight
And villainies of less importance slight :
Act 'em indeed, but scorn they should be
For all their glory's to be more than dan

T.

Neronior's chief of this infernal crew;
 And seems to merit that high station too:
 Nothing but rage and lust inspires his breast,
 By Asmodeo and Moloc both possess'd.
 When told you went to intercede for me,
 It threw my soul into an agony:
 Not that I would not for my freedom give
 What's requisite, or do not wish to live:
 But for my safety I can ne'er be base,
 Or buy a few short years with long disgrace:
 Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
 For me expos'd to an eternal shame.
 With ignominy to preserve my breath,
 Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.
 But if I can't my life with honour save,
 With honour I'll descend into the grave.
 For, tho' revenge and malice both combine,
 (As both to fix my ruin seem to join)
 Yet, maugre all their violence and skill,
 I can die just; and I'm resolv'd I will.
 But, what is death, we so unwisely fear;
 An end of all our busy tumults here:
 The equal lot of poverty and state,
 Which all partake of by a certain fate,
 Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys,
 At divers ages, and by divers ways,
 Will find them from this noisy scene retire;
 Some the first minute that they breathe expire;
 Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go;
 But die, before they good or evil know.

114 CRUELTY AND LUST.

Here one to puberty arrives ; and then
Returns lamented to the dust again :
Another there maintains a longer strife
With all the pow'rful enemies of life ;
Till with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,
He drops into the dark, and disappears.
I'm young indeed, and might expect to see
Times future, long and late posterity ;
'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,
If to be old were to be happy too.
But, since substantial grief so soon destroys
The gulf of all imaginary joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for life, than it can merit, give !
Beyond the grave stupendous regions ly,
The boundless realms of vast eternity ;
Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell
But who their government or laws can tell ?
What's their employment till the final doom,
And time's eternal period shall come ?
Thus much the Sacred oracles declare ;
That all are blest'd or miserable there :
Tho', if there's such variety of fate,
None good expire too soon, nor bad too late,
For my own part, with resignation, still
I can submit to my Creator's will !
Let him recal the breath from him I drew,
When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.
The way of dying is my least concern :
That will give no disturbance to my urn.

'to the seats of happiness I go,
 here end all possible returns of woe;
 and when to those blest mansions I arrive,
 with pity I'll behold those that survive.
 Once more I beg, you'd from those tents retreat,
 and leave me to my innocence and fate.
 Charion, said I, Oh, do not urge my flight!
 I see th' event of this important night:
 these strange presages in my soul forebode
 the worst of mis'ries, or the greatest good.
 Few hours will shew the utmost of my doom:
 joyful safety or a peaceful tomb.
 Should you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try
 gracious Heav'n will suffer me to die:
 But, when you are to endless raptures gone,
 I survive, 'tis but to be undone:
 Who will support an injur'd widow's right,
 from sly injustice, or oppressive might?
 Protect her person, or her cause defend?
 He rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend:
 He has no distrust of providence; but still,
 's best to go beyond the reach of ill:
 And those can have no reason to repent,
 who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
 But to a world of everlasting bliss
 why would you go, and leave me here in this?
 'Tis a dark passage; but our foes shall view,
 die as calm, tho' not so brave, as you:
 That my behaviour to the last may prove
 our courage is not greater than my love.

118 CRUELTY AND LUST.

But I can no such whining methods use :

Consent, he lives ; he dies, if you refuse.

Amaz'd at this demand ; said I, The brave—
Upon ignoble terms disdain to save :

They let their captives still with honour live,
No more require, than what themselves wou~~ld~~ d

For, gen'rous victors, as they scorn to do [giv~~e~~];
Dishonest things, scorn to propose 'em too.

Mercy the brightest virtue of the mind,
Should with no devious appetite be join'd :

For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,
Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.

Great men their actions of a piece should hav~~e~~;
Heroic all, and each entirely brave :

From the nice rules of honour none should swerv~~e~~,
Done, because good, without a mean reserve.

The crimes now charg'd upon th' unhappy
youth,

May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.

Suppose the accusation justly brought,

And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought ;

Yet mercies, next to infinite, abate

Offences, next to infinitely great :

And 'tis the glory of a noble mind,

In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.

Your prince's frowns if you have cause to fear,

This act will more illustrious appear ;

Tho' his excuse can never be withstood,

Who disobey, but only to be good.

Perhaps the hazard's more than you express

The glory would be, were the danger less.

For he that, to his prejudice, will do
 A noble action and a gen'rous too,
 Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown,
 Than he that has a thousand battles won.
 Do not invert divine compassion so
 As to be cruel, and no mercy shew !
 Of what renown can such an action be,
 Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me ?
 Tho' if you finally resolve to stand
 Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,
 He must submit ! If 'tis my fate to mourn
 His death, I'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.

Well, Madam, haughtily Neronior cry'd,
 Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd.
 But to prevent all prospect of a flight,
 Some of my Lambs * shall be your guard to-night;
 By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd ;
 They seldom ask a favour that's refus'd ;
 Perhaps you'll find them so genteely bred,
 They'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed,
 Surrounded with so innocent a throng,
 The night must pass delightfully along :
 And in the morning, since you will not give
 What I require, to let your husband live,
 You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,
 And gently swing into the arms of death.
 His fate he merits, as to rebels due ;
 And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers
 Lambs.

20 CRUELTY AND LUST.

Oh, Celia, think! so far as thought can sh
 What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
 At this dire resolution seiz'd my breast!
 By all things sad and terrible posselt.
 In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
 For all my pray'rs were to a tyger made:
 A tyger! worse; for 'tis beyond dispute,
 No fiend's so cruel as a reasoning brute.
 Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,
 With all the squadrons of despair and grief:
 Ruin—it was not possible to shun: [do
 What could I do? Oh, what would you!
 The hours that pass'd, till the black morn
 turn'd,

With tears of blood should be for ever mourn
 When, to involve me with consummate grie
 Beyond expression, and above belief,
 Madam, the monster cry'd, that you may fir
 I can be grateful to the fair that's kind;
 Step to the door. I'll shew you such a sight,
 Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.
 Does not that wretch who would dethrone
 Become the gibbet and adorn the string? [k
 You need not now an injur'd husband dread
 Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead
 'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his life;
 He would, perhaps, have scorn'd so chaste a v
 And, Madam, you'll excuse the zeal I shew
 To keep that secret none alive should know
 Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with
 The devils, said I, are dull in cruelty.

Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
And wasteless their eternal hunger feed :
In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,
The burning earnest of a hotter hell;
May that vile lump of execrable lust
Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust !
May'st thou, despairing at the point of death,
With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath;
And the worst torments that the damn'd should
In thine own person all united bear ! [share
 Oh Celia, oh, my friend ! what age can shew
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe ?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Because it can't be everlasting here :
But it's so vast that it can ne'er increase :
And so confirm'd, it never can be less.



ON THE
MARRIAGE

OF THE
EARL of A——

WITH THE
COUNTES S of S-----.



ON THE
MARRIAGE
OF THE
EARL of A——
WITH THE
COUNTESS of S——

TRIUMPHANT beauty never looks so
gay,
As on the morning of a nuptial day :
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves ;
While Hymen' does his sacred rites prepare,
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair :
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,
And eager pulses with strange motions beat :
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart :

Her fears are great, and her desires are stre
 The minutes fly too fast, yet stay too long
 Now she is ready, the next moment not ;
 All things are done, then something is for
 She fears, yet wishes the strange work were
 Delays, yet is impatient to be gone.

Disorders thus from every thought arise ;
 What love persuades I know not what de

Achates' choice does his firm judgment ;
 And shews at once he can be wise and lov
 Because it from no spurious passion came,
 But was the product of a noble flame :
 Bold without rudeness, without blazing bri
 Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light :
 By just degrees it to perfection grew ;
 An early ripeness, and a lasting too.

So the bright sun ascending to his noon,
 Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soc

But tho' Achates was unkindly driven
 From his own land, he's banish'd into he
 For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love
 Are next, if only next to those above.

Thus pow'r divine does with his foes eng
 Rewards his virtues and defeats their rage
 For, first it did to fair Cosmelia give

All that a human creature could receive ;
 Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,
 Transport the soul or gratify the sight.

Then in the full perfection of her charms,
 Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms

ON THE MARRIAGE, &c. 129

What angels are, is in Cosmelia seen ;
Their awful glories, and their godlike mein !
For in her aspect all the graces meet ;
All that is noble, beautiful or sweet ;
There ev'ry charm in lofty triumph fits,
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits :
There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright :
So newly finish'd by the hand divine,
Before her fall, did the first woman shine.
But Eve in one great point she does excel :
Cosmelia never err'd at all, she fell.
From her, Temptation in despair withdrew ;
Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity, by serious thought,
Her actions with a watchful eye surveys ;
Each passion guides, and every movement sways ;
Not the least failure in her conduct lies ;
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit that's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,
And to the noblest end her labours guides :
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue ;
That the weak only and the wav'ring lack,
When they're mistaken, to conduct 'em back :
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy strong, vivacious, and sublime,
 Seldom betrays her converse to a crime;
 And tho' it moves with a luxuriant heat,
 'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
 For each expression, every teeming thought,
 Is to the scanning of her judgment brought;
 Which wisely separates the finest gold,
 And casts the image in a beauteous mold.

No trifling words debase her eloquence,
 But all's pathetic, all is sterling sense;
 Refin'd from drossy chat, and idle noise,
 With which the female conversation cloy:
 So well she knows, what's understood by few,
 To time her thoughts, and to express 'em too;
 That what she speaks does to the soul transmit
 The fair idea of delightful wit.

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,
 By great example to wise actions led:
 Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore
 She owes, but to her own high genius more;
 And, by a noble emulation mov'd,
 Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd;
 Till they arriv'd to that celestial height,
 Scarce angels greater be, or saints so bright.

But if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be,
 Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
 Achates merits her, tho' none but he:
 Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise;
 Resolv'd in action, and in counsel wise;

Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For threats to force, or flattery to win.
Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood;
He dare be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in Paradise were join'd,
Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives;
In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives;
Each is to other the divinest bliss;
He is her Heaven, and she is more than his.
Oh, may the kindest influence above
Protect their persons, and indulge their love !



A N
I N S C R I P T I O N
 F O R T H E
M O N U M E N T
 O F
D I A N A
 C O U N T E S S of O X F O R D and E L G I N .

D I A N A O X O N I I et E L G I N I C o m i t i s s a ;
 Q U Æ

Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit :
Ceciliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima ;
Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.

Vitam incuntem innocentia ;
Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors ;
Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit ;
(Volente numine)

Ut nusquam deesset aut virtus aut felicitas,
Duobus conjuncta maritis
Utrique charissima :

Primum
(Quem ad annum habuit)
Impense dilexit :
Secundum

R 2

(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)
Tanta pietate et amore coluit ;
Ut qui, vivens,
Obsequium, tanquam patri præstitit ;
Moriens,
Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.
Noverca cum esset,
Maternam pietatem facile superavit.
Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit
Ut non tam domina familiæ præesse,
Quam anima corpori inesse videretur.
Denique,
Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,
Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos

THE FOREGOING
INSCRIPTION
ATTEMPTED IN
ENGLISH.

DIANA, Countess of OXFORD and ELGIN.

WHO from a race of noble heroes came,
And added lustre to its ancient fame :
Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,
But with inferior brightness to her own :
Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,
The greatest mortal could not greater be.
Each stage of life peculiar splendor had ;
Her tender years with innocence were clad :
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good
In the retinue of her virtues stood ;
And at the final period of her breath,
She crown'd her life with a propitious death.
That no occasion might be wanting here
To make her virtues fam'd, or joys sincere,
Two noble lords her genial bed possess ;
A wife to both, the dearest and the best.
Oxford submitted in one year to fate ;
For whom her passion was exceeding great.
To Elgin full six lustra were assign'd :
And him she lov'd with so intense a mind,

134 I N S C R I P T I O N

That, living, like a father she obey'd :
 Dying, as to a son, left all she had.
 When a step-mother she soon soar'd above
 The common height even of maternal love.
 She did her num'rous family command
 With such a tender care, so wise a hand,
 She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there,
 Than godlike souls in human bodies are.
 But, when to all she had example shew'd,
 How to be great and humble, chaste and good,
 Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,
 Flew to its peers, the princes of the sky.

U P O N T H E
DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.
A
P I N D A R I C E S S A Y.



UPON THE
DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A

PINDARIC ESSAY.

UNITY, ETERNITY.

I.

WHENCE sprung this glorious Frame; or
when began

Things to exist? they could not always be :

To what stupendous energy

Shall we ascribe the origin of man?

That *cause* from whence all beings else arose,

Must self-existent be alone ;

• Intirely perfect, and but one ;

Nor equal nor superior knows ;

Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose.

If that, in false opinion, we allow,

That *once* there absolutely nothing was,

Then nothing could *BE now*.

For, by what instrument, or how,

S

Shall non-existence to existence pass ?
 Thus, something must from everlasting be ;
 Or matter, or a deity.

If matter only uncreate we grant,
 We shall volition, wit and reason, want ;
 An agent infinite, and action free ;
 Whence does volition, whence does reason flow ?
 How came we to reflect, design, and know ?

 This from a nobler nature springs,
 Distinct in essence from material things :
 For thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow.

 But if we own a God supreme,
 And all perfections possible in Him ;
 In Him does boundless excellence reside,
 Pow'r to create, and providence to guide ;
 Unmade himself, could no beginning have,
 But to all substance prime existence gave :
 Can what He will destroy, and what He pleases
 save.

P O W E R.

II.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance
 Could never fill the globes of light,
 So beautiful, and so amazing bright,
 The lofty concave of the vast expanse :
 These could proceed from no less pow'r than infinite.

A T T R I B U T E S. 139

There's nor one atom of this wond'rous
Nor essence intellectual, but took [frame,
Existence when the Great Creator spoke,
And from the common womb of empty nothing
came.

Let Substance be, He cry'd ; and straight
Angelic, and corporeal too ; [arose
All that material nature shews,
And what does things invisible compose,
At the same instant sprung, and into being flew.
Mount the convex of the highest sphere,
Which draws a mighty circle round
Th' interior orbs, as their capacious bound ;
There millions of new miracles appear :
There dwell the eldest sons of pow'r im-
mense,

Who first were to perfection wrought,
First to complete existence brought ;
To whom their Maker did dispense
he largest portions of created excellence,
Eternal now, not of necessity,
As if they could not cease to be,
Or were from possible destruction free ;
But on the will of God depend :
For that which could begin, can end.
Who, when the lower worlds were made,
Without the least miscarriage or defect,
By the almighty Architect,
United adoration paid,
nd with extatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

III.

Philosophy of old in vain essay'd
To tell us, how this mighty frame
Into such beauteous order came ;
But by false reas'nings, false foundations laid :
She labour'd hard ; but still the more she wrought,
The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.
Sometimes she fancied things to be
Coeval with the Deity,
And the form, which now they are,
From everlasting ages were.
Sometimes the casual event
Of atoms floating in a space immense,
Void of all wisdom, rule and sense ;
But, by a lucky accident,
Jumbled into this scheme of wond'rous excellence.
'Twas an establish'd article of old,
Chief of the philosophic creed,
And does in natural productions hold ;
That from mere nothing, nothing could
proceed :
Material substance never could have rose,
If some existence had not been before,
In wisdom infinite, immense in pow'r.
Whate'er is made, a Maker must suppose,
As an effect, a cause, that could produce it, shews.
Nature and Art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,
And only forms to things, not being, give ;
That from Omnipotence they must receive ;

A T T R I B U T E S.

141

But the eternal, self-existent Mind
 Can, with a single *Fiat*, cause to be
 All that the wond'ring eye surveys,
 And all it cannot see.
 Nature may shape a beauteous tree,
 And art a noble palace raise,
 But must not to creating pow'r aspire;
 That their God alone can claim,
 As the pre-existing substance doth require:
 So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

W I S D O M.

IV.

Matter produc'd, had still a Chaos been;
 For jarring elements engag'd,
 Eternal battles would have wag'd,
 And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous
 If Wisdom Infinite, for less [scene:
 Could not the vast, prodigious embryo wield,
 Or strength complete to lab'ring Nature yield,
 Had not with actual address,
 Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and establish'd
 Whate'er this visible creation shews [peace.
 That's lovely, uniform, and bright,
 That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
 To her its eminence and beauty owes.
 By her all creatures have their end assign'd,
 Proportion'd to their nature and their kind;

To which they steadily advance,
 Mov'd by right reason's high command,
 Or guided by the secret hand
 Of real instinct, or imaginary chance.
 Nothing but men reject her sacred rules ;
 Who from the end of their creation fly,
 And deviate into misery ;
 As if the liberty to act like fools,
 Were the chief cause that Heaven made 'em free.

PROVIDENCE.

V.

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,
 Who, finite, will attempt to scan
 The works of Him that's infinitely wise,
 And those he cannot comprehend, denies ;
 As if a space immense were measurable by a span.
 Thus the proud Sceptic will not own
 That Providence the world directs,
 Or its affairs inspects ;
 But leaves it to itself alone.
 How does it with almighty Grandeur suit
 To be concern'd with our impertinence ;
 Or interpose his pow'r for the defence
 Of a poor mortal, or a senseless brute ?
 Villains could never so successful prove,
 And unmolested in those pleasures live,
 Which honour, ease, and affluence give ;
 While such as Heav'n adore, and virtue love,

And most the care of Providence deserve,
Oppress'd with pain, and ignominy, starve.
What reason can the wisest shew,
Why murder does unpunish'd go,
If the Most High that's just and good,
Intends and governs all below, [blood?
And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless
But shall we things unsearchable deny,
Because our reason cannot tell us why
They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?
'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
To comprehend how matter should be brought
From nothing, as existent be
From all eternity :
And yet that matter is, we feel and see :
Nor is it easier to define,
What ligatures the soul and body join ;
Or, how the mem'ry does th' impression take
Of things, and to the mind restores 'em back.

VI.

Did not the Almighty, with immediate care,
Direct and govern this capacious All,
How soon would things into confusion fall !
Earthquakes the trembling ground would
tear,
And blazing comets rule the troubled air ;
Wide inundations, with resistless force,
The lower provinces o'erflow,
In spite of all that human strength could do
To stop the raging sea's impetuous course :

Murder and rapine ev'ry place would fill,
 And sinking virtue sloop to prosp'rous ill
 Devouring pestilences rave,
 And all that part of nature, which has breath
 Deliver to the tyranny of death,
 And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,
 If watchful Providence were not concern'd to
 save.

Let the brave soldier speak, who oft has been
 In dreadful sieges and fierce battles seen,
 How he's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
 So thick that scarce one inch of air is free;

And tho' he does ten thousand see
 Fall at his feet and in a moment die,
 Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.

Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor shew,
 To what invisible protecting pow'r
 He did his life and safety owe,
 When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,
 And half a shatter'd plank convey'd him to the
 shore.

Nay, let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us, how
 His tender infancy protection found,
 And helpless Childhood was with safety
 If he'll no Providence allow; [crown'd,
 When he had nothing but his nurse's arms
 To guard him from innumerable, fatal harms:
 From childhood how to youth he ran
 Securely, and from thence to man:

How, in the strength and vigour of his years,
The feeble bark of life he saves,
Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,
From all the dangers he foresees, or fears :
Yet ev'ry hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers ;
If Providence, which can the seas command,
Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

O M N I P R E S E N C E.

VII.

'Tis happy for the sons of men, that he,
Who all existence out of nothing made,
Supports his creatures by immediate aid ;
But then this all-intending Deity
Must Omnipresent be :
For how shall we, by demonstration shew,
The Godhead is this moment here,
If He's not present ev'ry where ;
And always so ?
What's not perceptible by sense, may be
Ten thousand miles remote from me,
Unless his nature is from limitation free.
In vain we for protection pray ;
For benefits receiv'd high altars raise,
And offer up our hymns and praise ;
In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.
An absent *God* from ruin can defend
No more than can an absent friend ;

No more is capable to know
 How gratefully we make returns,
 When the loud music sounds or victim burns,
 Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.
 If so, 'tis equally in vain [mourns:
 The prosp'rous sighs, and wretched
 He cannot hear the praise, or mitigate the pain.
 But by what being is confin'd
 The Godhead we adore?
 He must have equal or superior pow'r.
 If equal only, they each other bind;
 So neither's God, if we define him right;
 For neither's infinite.
 But if the other have superior might,
 Then he, we worship, can't pretend to be
 Omnipotent, and free
 From all restraint, and so no Deity.
 If God is limited in space, his view,
 His knowledge, power, and wisdom, is so too:
 Unless we'll own that these perfections are
 At all times present ev'ry where;
 Yet he himself not actually there: [brings;
 Which to suppose, that strange conclusion
 His Essence and his attributes are different things.

IMMUTABILITY.

VIII.

As the supreme, Omniscient mind,
 Is not by boundaries confin'd;

So reason must acknowledge him to be
From possible mutation free :
For what he is, he was from all eternity.
Change, whether the effect of force or will,
Must argue imperfection still.
But imperfection in a Deity
That's absolutely perfect, cannot be :
Who can compel, without his own consent,
A God to change, that is Omnipotent?
And ev'ry alteration without force,
Is for the better, or the worse.
He that is infinitely wise,
To alter for the worse will never choose;
That a depravity of nature shews :
And he, in whom all true perfection lies,
Cannot by Change to greater excellencies rise.
If God be Mutable, which way or how
Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now
Which did a thousand years ago ?
And 'tis impossible to know
What he forbids, or what he will allow.
Murder enchantment, lust, and perjury,
Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,
Prohibited by an express command :
But whether such they still remain to be,
No argument will positively prove,
Without immediate notice from above ;
If the Almighty Legislator can
Be chang'd like this inconstant subject, man.

Uncertain thus, what to perform or shun,
 We all intolerable hazards run,
 When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

J U S T I C E.

IX.

Rejoice, ye sons of piety, and sing
 Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious name,
 Who was, and will for ever be the same :
 Your grateful incense to his temples bring,
 That from the smoaking altars may arise
 Clouds of perfumes to the imperial skies.
 His promises stand firm to you,
 And endless joys will be bestow'd,
 As sure as that there is a God, [pursue.
 On all who virtue choose, and righteous paths
 Nor should we more his menaces distrust ;
 For, while he is a Deity, he must
 (As infinitely Good) be infinitely Just.
 But does it with a gracious Godhead'suit,
 Whose Mercy is his darling attribute,
 To punish crimes that temporary be,
 And those but trivial offences too,
 Mere slips of human nature, small and few,
 With everlasting misery ?
 This shocks the mind, with deep reflections
 fraught,
 And reason bends beneath the pond'rous
 thought.

Crimes take their estimate from guilt ; and
grow
More heinous still, the more they do incense
That GOD, to whom all creatures owe
Profoundest reverence :
Tho' as to that degree, they raise
The anger of the merciful most High,
We have no standard to discern it by,
But the infliction he on the offender lays.
So that, if endless punishment on all
Our unrepented sins must fall,
None, not the least, can be accounted small.
That GOD is in perfection just, must be
Allow'd by all that own a Deity :
If so, from equity he cannot swerve,
Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.
His will reveal'd, is both express and clear ;
" Ye cursed of my Father, go
" To everlasting woe ;"
If everlasting means eternal here,
Duration absolutely without end ;
Against which sense some zealously contend,
That, when apply'd to pains, it only means,
They shall ten thousand ages last ;
Ten thousand more, perhaps, when they are past ;
But not eternal in a lit'ral sense ;
Yet own, the pleasures of the just remain
So long as there's a GOD exists to reign.
Tho' none can give a solid reason, why
The word Eternity,

150 UPON THE DIVINE

To heav'n and hell indifferent join'd,
Should carry senses of a diff'rent kind;
And 'tis a sad experiment to try.

G O O D N E S S.

X.

But, if there be one attribute divine
With greater lustre than the rest can shine,
'Tis Goodness; which we ev'ry moment see
The Godhead exercise with such delight,
It seems, it only seems, to be
'The best lov'd perfection of the Deity,
And more than infinite.

Without that, he could never prove
The proper object of our praise or love;
Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,
Than NERO, when the flaming city burn'd,
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd
Eternal justice then would be
But everlasting cruelty;
Pow'r unrestrain'd, almighty violence;
And wisdom unconfin'd, but craft immense.
'Tis Goodness constitutes him that he is;
And those,
Who will deny him this,
A GOD without a Deity suppose.
When the leud Atheist blasphemously swear:

By his tremendous name,
 There is no God, but all's a sham!
 Insipid tattle, praise and pray'rs;
 Virtue, pretence; and all the sacred rules
 Religion teaches, tricks to culiy tools:
 Justice would striketh' audacious villain dead,
 But Mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head: }
 Gives him protection, and allows him bread. }
 Does not the sinner, whom no danger awes,
 Without restraint, his infamy pursue,
 Rejoice, and glory in it too;
 Laugh at the power divine, and ridicule his laws;
 Labour in vice his rivals to excel, [tell,
 That, when he's dead, they may their pupils
 How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he
 Yet this vile wretch in safety lives, [tell?
 Blessings in common with the best receives,
 Tho' he is proud t' affront the God those blessings
 The cheartful sun his influence sheds on all; [gives.
 Has no respect to good or ill:
 And fruitful show'rs without distinction fall,
 Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures
 The bounteous hand of Heav'n bestows [fill.
 Success and honour, many times, on those
 Who scorn his fav'rites, and caress his foes.

XI.

To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
 Has dar'd to celebrate
 In lofty Pindar's strain;

Tho' with unequal strength to bear the weight
 Of such a pond'rous theme so infinitely great :
 To this good GOD, cœlestial spirits pay,
 With extasy divine, incessant praise;
 While on the glories of his face they gaze,
 In the bright regions of eternal day.
 To him each rational existence here,
 Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,
 In whom there are the least remains
 Of piety or fear,
 His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,
 For pardon prays, and for protection flies :
 Nay, the inanimate creation give,
 By prompt obedience to his word,
 Instinctive honour to their LORD ; [live.
 And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion
 With heav'n and earth, then, O my soul,
 unite,
 And the great GOD of both adore and blest,
 Who gives thee competence, content, and
 The only fountains of sincere delight : [peace;
 That from the transitory joys below,
 Thou, by a happy exit may'st remove
 To those ineffable above ;
 Which from the vision of the Godhead flow,
 And neither end, decrease, nor interruption,
 know.

LEAZAR'S LAMENTATION

O V E R

J E R U S A L E M.

Paraphrased out of J O S E P H U S

U



LEAZAR'S LAMENTATION

O V E R

J E R U S A L E M.

Paraphrased out of J O S E P H U S.

S T A N Z A I.

A L A S, Jerusalem ! alas ! where's now
Thy pristine glory, thy unmatched renown,
To which the heathen monarchies did bow ?
Ah, hapless, miserable town !
Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty gone,
Thou once most noble, celebrated place,
The joy and the delight of all the earth ;
Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,
And bred up heroes, an immortal race ?
Where's now the vast magnificence, which made
The souls of foreigners adore
Thy wond'rous brightness, which no more
Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade ?
Oh misery ! where's all her mighty state,

156 ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION

Her splendid train of num'rous kings,
 Her noble edifices, noble things;
 Which made her seem so eminently great,
 That barb'rous princes in her gates appear'd,
 And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought,
 To court her friendship? for her strength they
 And all her wide protection sought. [fear'd,
 But now, ah! now they laugh, and cry,
 See how her lofty buildings lie!
 See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!

II.

Where's all the young, the valiant and the gay,
 That on her festivals were us'd to play
 Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?
 The glitt'ring troops which did from far
 Bring home the trophies, and the spoils of war,
 Whom all the nations round with terror view'd,
 Nor durst their godlike valour try?
 Where'er they fought, they certainly subdu'd,
 And ev'ry combat gain'd a victory.
 Ah! where's the house of the eternal King,
 The beauteous temple of the Lord of hosts;
 To whose large treasuries our fleet did bring
 The gold and jewels of remotest coasts?
 There had the infinite Creator plac'd
 His terrible, amazing name:
 And with his more peculiar presence grac'd
 That heav'nly Sanctum; where no mortal came;
 The High Priest only; he but once a-year
 In that divine apartment might appear:

So full of glory, and so sacred then ;
But now corrupted with the heaps of slain,
Which, scatter'd round with blood, defile the
mighty fane.

III.

Alas, Jerusalem ! each spacious street
Was once so fill'd, the num'rous throng
Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,
And thousands did with thousands meet ;
The darling then of GOD, and man's belov'd
retreat.
In thee was the bright throne of justice fix'd,
Justice impartial, with vain fraud unmix'd.
She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
Despising the most wealthy bribes ;
But did the sacred balance hold
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.
Thy well-built streets, and ev'ry noble square,
Where once with polish'd marble laid,
And all thy lofty bulwarks made
With wondrous labour, and with artful care,
Thy pond'rous gates, surprizing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with solid gold ;
Whose splendour did so glorious appear,
It ravish'd and amaz'd the eye ;
And strangers passing to themselves would cry,
What mighty heaps of wealth are here !
How thick the bars of massy silver ly !
O happy people ! and still happy be,
Celestial city ! from destruction free,
May'st thou enjoy a long, entire prosperity !

158 ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION

IV.

But now, Oh, wretched, wretched place !
 Thy streets and palaces are spread [dead;
 With heaps of carcasses, and mountains of the
 The bleeding relics of the Jewish race :
 Each corner of the town, no vacant space,
 But is with breathless bodies fill'd,
 Some by the sword, and some by famine, kill'd,
 Natives and strangers are together laid.
 Death's arrows all at random flew
 Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made;
 But both the coward and the valiant flew.
 All in one dismal ruin join'd,
 (For swords and pestilence are blind)
 The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find ;
 Those that from far, with joyful haste,
 Came to attend thy festival,
 Of the same bitter poison taste,
 And by the black, destructive poison fall ;
 For the avenging sentence pass'd on all.
 Oh! see how the delight of human eyes
 In horrid desolation lyes !
 See how the burning ruins flame,
 Nothing now left but a sad empty name!
 And the triumphant victor cries,
 This was the fam'd Jerusalem!

V.

The most obdurate creature must
 Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust
 Those ancient habitations of the just :

And could the marble rocks but know
 The mis'ries of thy fatal overthrow,
 They'd strive to find some secret way unknown,
 To laugre the senseless nature of the stone,
 Their pity and concern to shew;
 For now, where lofty buildings stood,
 By sons' corrupted carcases are laid :

And all by this destruction made.
 The common Golgotha, one field of blood.
 O ! how those ancient men, who rul'd thy state,
 And made thee happy, made thee great ;
 Who sat upon the awful chair
 The mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,
 He go'd to cherish, and chastise the bad ;
 Now sit in the corrupted air,
 In silent melancholy, and in sad despair !
 O how their murder'd children round 'em lie ?
 Ah, dismal scene ! hark how they cry !
 Woe ! woe ! one beam of mercy give,
 Good Heav'n ! Alas, for we would live !
 Pitiful, and suffer us to die !

Thus they lament, thus beg for ease :
 While in their feeble, aged arms they hold
 The bodies of their offspring, stiff and cold,
 To guard 'em from the rav'nous savages :
 Till their increasing sorrows death persuade
 (For Death must sure with pity see
 The horrid desolation he has made)
 To put a period to all their misery.

160 ELEAZAR'S LAMENTAT

Thy wretched daughters that survive,
 Are by the Heathen kept alive
 Only to gratify their lust,
 And then be mix'd with common dul
 Oh ! insupportable stupendous woe !
 What shall we do ? Ah ! whither shall w
 Down to the grave, down to those happ
 below,
 Where all our brave progenitors are ble
 With endless triumph, and eternal rest.

VI.

But who, without a flood of tears, c
 Thy mournful, sad catastrophe ?
 Who can behold thy glorious temple lie
 In ashes, and not be in pain to die ?
 Unhappy, dear Jerusalem ! thy woes
 Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast exc
 Their mighty weight no mortal kno
 Thought cannot comprehend, or words
 Nor can they possibly, while I survive,
 Good Heaven had been extremely
 If it had struck me dead, or struck me t
 Before this cursed time, this worst of da
 Is Death quite tir'd ; are all his arrows
 If not, why then so many dull delays ?
 Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be f
 Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,
 Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive : that
 May, happily, be sure to die.
 Yee still we live, live in excess of pain ;
 Our friends and relatives are slain ;

OVER JERUSALEM. 164

Nothing but ruins round us see,
Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery !
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, com-
Our enemies without prepare [plain,
Their direful engines to pursue the war ;
And you must slavishly preserve your breath,
Or seek for freedom in the arms of death.

VII.

Thus then resolve : nor tremble at the thought ;
Can glory be too dearly bought ?
Since the almighty Wisdom has decreed,
That we, and all our progeny, should bleed ;
It shall be after such a noble way,
Succeeding ages will with wonder view
What brave despair compell'd us to :
No, we will ne'er survive another day.
Bring then your wives, your children, all
That's valuable, good or dear,
With ready hands, and place 'em here ;
They shall unite in one vast funeral.
I know your courages are truly brave,
And dare do any thing but ill ;
Who would an aged father save,
That he may live in chains and be a slave,
Or for remorseless enemies to kill ?
Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow ;
For, what at any other time would be
The dire effect of rage and cruelty,
Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now.
This then perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,

X

And there, amidst our slaughter'd foes, *expir*
 If 'tis revenge and glory you desire,
 Now you may have them, if you dare but die ;
 Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity.

A

PROSPECT of DEATH.

A

PINDARIC ESSAY.

—————" Sed omnes una manet nox,
" Et calcanda femel via lethi."

Horace.



A

PROSPECT of DEATH.

Λ

PINDARIC ESSAY.

I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death
Our state no alteration knows ;
But when we have resign'd our breath,
Th' immortal spirit goes
To endless joys, or everlasting woes :
Wise is the man who labours to secure
That mighty and important stake ;
And by all methods strives to make
His passage safe and his reception sure.
Merely to die, no man of reason fears ;
For certainly we must,
As we are born, return to dust ;
'Tis the last point of many ling'ring years.
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know ;
But human understanding cannot shew.

This makes us tremble, and creates
 Strange apprehensions in the mind;
 Fills it with restless doubts, and wild debates,
 Concerning what we, living, cannot find.

None know what death is, but the
 Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread, [dead;
 As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how
 to tread.

II.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
 And scarce have one black, painful hour to live;
 No hopes, no prospect of a kind reprieve,
 To stop our speedy passage to the tomb;
 How moving, and how mournful is the sight!
 How wond'rous pitiful, how wond'rous sad!
 Where then is refuge, where is comfort to be had,
 In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,
 To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing
 flight?

Feeble and languishing in bed we ly,
 Despairing to recover, void of rest;
 Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die:
 Terrors and doubts distract our breast,
 With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

III.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat;
 Faint and irregular the pulses beat;
 The blood inactive grows,
 And thickens as it flows,
 Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.

Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
 Their light just going out;
 And for some kind assistance call:
 But pity, useless pity's all
 Our weeping friends can give,
 Or we receive;
 Tho' their desires are great, their pow'rs are small.
 The tongue's unable to declare
 The pains and griefs, the miseries we bear;
 How insupportable our torments are.
 Music no more delights our deaf'ning ears,
 Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears;
 But all is melancholy, all is sad,
 In robes of deepest mourning clad;
 For every faculty and every sense,
 Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

IV.

Then we are sensible too late,
 'Tis no advantage to be rich or great;
 or all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state
 No consolation brings.
 Riches and honours then are useless things,
 Tasteless or bitter all;
 And, like the book which the apostle ate,
 To the ill-judging palate sweet,
 But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.
 Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer,
 But the remembrance of good actions past.
 Virtue's a joy that will for ever last,
 And makes pale death less terrible appear;
 Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.

In the dark antichamber of the grave
 What would we give (even all we have,
 All that our care and industry have gain'd,
 All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd
 Could we recal those fatal hours again,
 Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,
 Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease !
 For then they urge our terrors, and increase our
 pain.

V.

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,
 Dissolv'd in tears to see us die,
 And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.
 In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve :
 Their sorrows cannot ours relieve.
 They pity our deplorable estate :
 But what, alas, can pity do
 To soften the decrees of fate ?
 Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.
 All their endeavours to preserve our breath,
 Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,
 Shew us how much, how tenderly they love ;
 But cannot cut off the entail of death ;
 Mournful they look, and croud about our bed ;
 One, with officious haste,
 Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste ;
 Another softly raises up our head ;
 This wipes away the sweat ; that, sighing, cries
 See what convulsions, what strong agonies,
 Both soul and body undergo !
 His pains no intermission know :

For every gasp of air he draws, returns in sighs.
 Each would his kind assistance lend,
 To save his dear relation, or his dearer friend ;
 But still in vain with destiny they all contend.

VI.

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,
 Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, adieu !
 Adieu, my child ! now I must follow you ;

Then weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our sons, who in their tender years,
 Were objects of our cares and of our fears,
 Come trembling to our bed, and kneeling cry,
 Bless us, O father, now before you die ;
 Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity.

Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,

Compassionate and kind,

Cries, Will you leave me here behind ?

Without me fly to the blest seats above ?

Without me, did I say ? Ah no !

Without thy friend thou canst not go :

For tho' thou leav'st me groveling here below,

My soul with thee shall upward fly,

And bear thy spirit company,

Thro' the bright passage of the yielding sky.

Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyself, shall

Incapable to separate [be

(For 'tis not in the power of Fate)

My friend, my best, my dearest friend, and me :

But since it must be so, farewell ;

For ever ! no ; for we shall meet again,

And live like Gods, tho' now we die like men,
In the eternal regions, where just spirits dwell.

VII.

The soul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitless and unequal strife,
Finding her weak endeavours vain,
To keep the counterscarp of life,
By slow degrees, retires towards the heart,
And fortifies that little fort
With all its kind artificeries of art ;
Botanic legions guarding every port.
But Death, whose arms no mortal can repel,
A formal siege disdains to lay ;
Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a solid peace ;
But 'tis all sham, all artifice,
That we may negligent and careless be :
For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear ;
His troops return some unsuspected way ;
While in the soft embrace of sleep we ly,
The secret murd'ers stab us, and we die.

VIII.

Since our first parents' fall,
Inevitable death descends on all ;
A portion none of human race can miss :
But that which makes it sweet, or bitter, is
The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss.

en th' impenitent and wicked die,
 Loaded with crimes and infamy,
 By sense at that sad time remains,
 By feel amazing terrors, mighty pains;
 The earnest of that vast stupendous woe,
 Which they to all eternity must undergo,
 Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.
 Infernal spirits hover in the air,
 Like ravenous wolves to seize upon the prey,
 And hurry the departed souls away
 To the dark receptacles of despair:
 Where they must dwell till that tremendous day,
 When the loud trumpét shall call them to
 appear
 Before a judge most terrible and most severe;
 By whose just sentence they must go
 To everlasting pains, and endless woe.

IX.

But the good man whose soul is pure,
 Unspotted, regular, and free
 From all the ugly stains of lust and villainy,
 Of mercy, and of pardon sure,
 Looks thro' the darkness of the gloomy night:
 And sees the dawning of a glorious day;
 Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
 His soul whene'er she takes her flight
 To the surprising mansions of immortal light.
 Then the celestial guards around him stand;
 Nor suffer the black dæmons of the air
 To oppose his passage to the promis'd land,

Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair ;
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
 His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press
 To plead for mercy when he wants it most =
 Not one of all the happy number's lost :
 And those bright advocates ne'er want succe^d
 But when the soul's releas'd from dull mortali^e
 She passes up in triumph thro' the sky ;
 Where she's united to a glorious throng
 Of angels ; who, with a celestial song,
 Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

X.

If therefore all must quit the stage,
 When, or how soon we cannot know ;
 But late or early, we are sure to go ;
 In the fresh bloom of youth, or wither'd age ;
 We cannot take too sedulous a care,
 In this important, grand affair :
 For as we die, we must remain !
 Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
 To make our peace with Heaven, [or to return
 again.

The Heathen, who no better understood
 Than what the light of Nature taught, declar'd
 No future misery could be prepar'd
 For the sincere, the merciful, the good ;
 But if there was a state of rest,
 They should with the same happiness be blest
 As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were
 posselt :

We have the promise of the eternal truth
Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,
To Man, and to their Maker, true,
Let 'em expire in age, or youth,
Can never miss

Their way to everlasting bliss:
But from a world of misery and care
To mansions of eternal ease repair;
Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endless circle moves;
Thro' the vast round of beatific love,
Which no cessation knows.

ON THE GENERAL
CONFLAGRATION
AND ENSUING
JUDGMENT.
A PINDARIC ESSAY.

"Elic quæque in fati, reminiscitur, affore tempus
" Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli
" Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laborat." *Ovid Met;*



ON THE GENERAL
CONFLAGRATION
AND ENSUING
J U D G M E N T.
A P I N D A R I C E S S A Y.

I.

NOW the black days of universal doom,
Which wond'rous prophecies foretold, are
come ;
What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,
Must sinking Nature undergo,
Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow !
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,
With fearful groans, and hideous cries,
Fill the presaging skies ;
Unable to support the weight
Of the present or approaching miseries.

Z

Methinks I hear her summon all
 Her guilty offspring, raving with despair,
 And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
 Ye sublunary powers, t' attend my funeral !

II.

See, see the tragical portents,
 Those dismal harbingers of dire events !
 Loud thunders roar and darting lightnings fly
 Thro' the dark concave of the troubled sky ;
 The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.
 See how the glaring meteors blaze !
 Like baleful torches, O they come,
 To light dissolving Nature to her tomb !
 And, scattering round their pestilential rays,
 Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amazement.
 Vast sheets of flame and globes of fire,
 By an impetuous wind are driven
 Thro' all the regions of th' inferior heav'n ;
 Till, hid in sulph'rous smog, they seemingly
 expire.

III.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see,
 What mad confusion rages over all
 This scorching ball !
 No country is exempt, no nation free,
 But each partakes the epidemic misery.
 What dismal havoc of mankind is made
 By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,
 Thro' the whole mournful earth ?

Which with a murd'ring fury they invade,
 Forsook by providence, and all propitious aid!
 Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost rage
 employ,
 To ruin all things here below;
 Their malice and revenge no limits know,
 But, in the universal tumult, all destroy.

IV.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly,
 For safety, to their champaign ground;
 But there no safety can be found;
 The vengeance of an angry Deity,
 With unrelenting fury, does inclose them round:
 And whilst for mercy some aloud implore
 The God they ridicul'd before;
 And others, raving with their woe
 (For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo)
 Blaspheme and curse the pow'r they should
 adore: | extends,
 The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws
 And op'ning wide a dreadful tomb,
 The howling multitude at once descends
 Together, all into her burning womb.

V.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads
 In mighty pillars of infernal smoke, [broke,
 Which from their bellowing caverns
 And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.
 Sometimes the fire within divides
 The massy rivers of those secret chains,

Which hold together their prodigious sides,
And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the
plains;

While towns and cities, ev'ry thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.

VI.

No show'rs descend from the malignant sky,
To cool the burning of the thirsty field;
The trees no leaves, no grass the meadows
But all is barren, all is dry: [yield,
The little rivulets no more
To larger streams their tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing ocean they;
Which, with a strange unusual roar,
Forfakes those ancient bounds it would have
pass'd before,

And to the monstrous deep in vain retires:
For ev'n the deep itself is not secure,
But, belching subterraneous fires,
Increases still the scalding calenture, [endure:
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can

VII.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd
At those convulsions, pangs, and agonies,
Which on the whole creation seize,
Is to substantial darkness turn'd.
The neighb'ring moon, as if a purple flood
O'erflow'd her tott'ring orb, appears
Like a huge mass of black corrupting blood;
For she herself a dissolution fears.

CONFLAGRATION. 181

The larger planets, which once shone so bright,
With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
Shook from their centre, without motion lie,
Unwieldy globes of solid night,
And ruinous lumber of the sky.

VIII.

Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes,
(For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,
Fill ev'ry region of the tortur'd earth and air)
The great archangel his loud trumpet blows ;
At whose amazing sound fresh agonies
Upon expiring nature seize :
For now she'll in few minutes know
The ultimate event and fate of all below.
Awake, ye dead, awake, he cries ;
(For all must come)
All that had human breath, arise,
To hear your last, unalterable doom.

IX.

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd
So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his sceptre hold ;
But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.
The scatter'd particles of human clay,
Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,
Resume their pristine forms again,
And now from mortal, grow immortal men.
Stupendous energy of sacred pow'r,
Which can collect, wherever cast,

202 ON THE GENERAL

The smallest atoms, and that shape restore
Which they had worn so many years before,
That thro' strange accidents and num'rous changes
pass!

X.

See how the joyful angels fly
From ev'ry quarter of the sky,
To gather and to convey all
The pious sons of human race,
To one capacious place,
Above the confines of this flaming ball.
See with what tenderness and love they bear
Those righteous souls thro' the tumult'ous air;
Whilst the ungodly stand below,
Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,
Amidst the burning overthrow,
Expecting fiercer torments, and acuter woe.
Round them internal spirits howling fly;
O horror, curses, tortures, chains! they
cry,
And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.

XI.

Hark how the daring sons of infamy,
Who once dissolv'd in pleasures lay,
And laugh'd at this tremendous day,
To rocks and mountains now to hide 'em cry:
But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie,
'Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,
That, rather than appear

CONFLAGRATION. 183

Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongst the burning ruins of the world,
And be conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.
Time was, they would not own a Deity,
Nor after death a future state;
But now, by sad experience find, too late,
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That rather than behold his face, they'd cease to be.
And sure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give consent,

To have no being; but they must remain,
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpressible, stupendous punishment, [went !
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be under-
XII.

But now the eastern skies expanding wide,
The Glorious Judge Omnipotent descends,
And to the sublunary world his passage bends;
Where cloath'd with human nature, he did once
reside.

Round him the bright ætherial armies fly,
And loud triumphant Hallelujahs sing,
With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,
To their Cœlestial King;
All Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majesty,
Now and for everlasting ages, he
To the Essential One and Co-eternal Three.
Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,
Which saw the God incarnate bleed !

Perish by thy almighty vengeance those
 Who durst thy person, or thy laws, expose;
 The cursed refuse of mankind and hell's proud seed !
 Now to the unbelieving Nations shew,
 Thou art a God from all eternity ;
 Not titular, or but by office so ;
 And let 'em the mysterious union see
 Of human nature with the Deity.

XIII.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,
 The good behold this glorious fight ;
 Their God in all his majesty appears
 Ineffable, amazing bright,
 And seated on a throne of everlasting light.
 Round the Tribunal next to the Most High,
 In sacred discipline and order, stand
 The Peers and Princes of the sky,
 As they excel in glory or command :
 Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,
 In the white bosom of a shining cloud,
 Whose souls abhorring all ignoble crimes,
 Did, with a steady course, pursue
 His holy precepts in the worst of times,
 Maugre what earth or hell, what men or devils
 could do .
 And now that God they did to death adore,
 For whom such torments and such pains they
 bore,
 Returns to place them on those Thrones
 above

CONFLAGRATION. 185

Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
Divine, substantial happiness, [scels
Unbounded as his pow'r, and lasting as his love.

XIV.

Go bring, the Judge impartial, frowning cries,
Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise;
Whom neither threats nor promises could
Nor all my sufferings, nor all my love, [move,
To save themselves from everlasting miseries.
At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,
And less than in an instant brought
The wretch'd, curs'd, infernal crew;
Who with distorted aspects come,
To hear their sad intolerable doom.
Alas! they cry, one beam of mercy shew,
Thou all-forgiving Deity!
To pardon crimes is natural to thee;
Trust us to nothing or suspend our woe:
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we must go into a gulph of fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend?)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,
And all our tortures have an end;
Eternal burnings, O we cannot bear!
Tho' now our bodies too immortal are,
Let 'em be pungent to the last degree
And let our pains innumerable be;
But let 'em not extend to all eternity!

A a

XV.

Lo now there does no place remain
 For penitence and tears, but all
 Must by their actions stand or fall;
 To hope for pity is in vain;
 The dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.
 Two mighty books are by two angels brought
 In this, impartially recorded, stands
 The law of nature, and divine command
 In that, each action, word, and thought
 Whate'er was said in secret or in secret wrought
 Then first the virtuous and the good,
 Who all the fury of temptation stood,
 And bravely pass'd thro' ignominy, chains and
 blood
 Attended by their guardian angels, come
 To the tremendous bar of final doom.
 In vain the grand Accuser, railing, brings
 A long indictment of enormous things
 Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears
 And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
 No more to their astonishment appears,
 But in the secret womb of dark oblivion lies.

XVI.

Come now, my friends, he cries, ye sons of
 Partakers once of all my wrongs and sin
 Despis'd and hated for my name;
 Come to your Saviour's and your God's e
 Ascend, and those bright diadems possi

CONFLAGRATION. 187

For you by my eternal Father made,
 Ere the foundation of the world was laid,
 And that surprising happiness,
 Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be
 For when I languishing in prison lay, [less.
 Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,
 You did your kindly visits pay,
 Both cloath'd my body, and my hunger fed.
 Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,
 Your hand was always ready to supply
 Whate'er I wanted; you were always by,
 To share my sorrows, or to give relief.
 In all distress, so tender was your love,
 I could no anxious trouble bear,
 No black misfortune, or vexatious care,
 But you were still impatient to remove,
 And mourn'd, your charitable hand should un-
 successful prove;
 All this you did, tho' not to me
 In person, yet to mine in misery:
 And shall for ever live
 In all the glories that a God can give,
 Or a created being's able to receive.

XVII.

At this the Architects divine on high,
 Innumerable thrones of glory raise,
 On which they, in appointed order, place
 The human Co-heirs of eternity;
 And with united hymns the God Incarnate praise
 O Holy, holy, holy, Lord.
 Eternal God, Almighty One,
 Be thou for ever, and be thou alone,

By all thy creatures constantly ador'd!
 Ineffable, Co-equal Three,
 Who from Non-entity gave birth
 To angels and to men, to heaven and to earth,
 Yet always wast thyself, and wilt for ever be.
 But for thy mercy, we had ne'er possess'd
 These thrones, and this immense felicity;
 Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest;
 Therefore all glory, power, dominion, majesty,
 To thee, O Lamb of God, to thee,
 For ever, longer, than for ever, be !

XVIII.

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face
 To those upon the left, and cries,
 (Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes)
 Ye impious, unbelieving race,
 To those eternal torments go,
 Prepar'd for those rebellious sons of light,
 In burning darkness and in flaming night;
 Which shall no limit or cessation know,
 But always are extreme, and always will be so.
 The final sentence pass'd, a dreadful cloud
 Inclosing all the miserable crowd,
 A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,
 And hurled 'em all into a lake of fire,
 Which never, never, never, can expire,
 The vast abyss of endless woes!
 Whilst with their God the righteous mount on
 high,
 In glorious triumph passing thro' the sky
 To joys immense, and everlasting extasy.

R E M A I N S

O F T H E

Rev. Mr P O M F R E T,



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two following Pieces are the only poetical remains of the reverend Mr Pomfret, and were lately found among some other of his papers of a private nature, in the custody of an intimate friend.

The first of them, entitled *Reason*, was wrote by him in the year 1700, when the debates concerning the Doctrine of the Trinity were carried on with so much heat by the clergy one against another, that King William was obliged to interpose his Royal authority. by putting an end to that pernicious controversy, through an act of parliament, strictly forbidding any persons whatsoever to publish their notions on this subject. It is indeed a severe, though very just satire upon the antagonists engaged in that dispute; and was published by Mr Pomfret at the time it was wrote. The not inserting of it among his other poems, when he collected them into a volume, was on account of his having received very signal favours from some of the persons therein mentioned; but they, as well as he being now dead, it is hoped that the revival of

it at this juncture, will answer the same good purposes intended by the Author in its original composition.

The other, entitled *Dies Novissima*; or, *The last Epiphany*, a Pindaric Ode, on Christ's second appearance to judge the world, is now printed from a manuscript under his own hand. It must be indeed confessed, that many excellent pens have exercised their talents upon this subject; but yet notwithstanding the different manner in which they have treated it, I dare say there will be found such a holy warmth animating this piece throughout, that, as the *Guardian* has observed of divine poetry, We shall find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion will become our safety.

R E A S O N.

A

P O E M.

Bb



R E A S O N.

A

P O E M.

UNHAPPY man! who, thro' successive
years,

From early youth to life's last childhood errs :
No sooner born but proves a foe to truth :
For infant Reason is o'erpower'd in youth.
The cheats of sense will half our learning share ;
And pre-conceptions all our knowledge are.
Reason 'tis true, should over sense preside,
Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
But false opinions rooted in the mind,
Hoodwink the soul, and keep our Reason blind.
Reason's a taper, which but faintly burns ;
A languid flame, that glows and dies by turns :
We see't a little while, and but a little way ;
We travel by its light, as men by day :
But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,
Like morning stars, that never stay till noon.
The soul can scarce above the body rise ;
And all we see is with corporal eyes.

B b 2

Life now does scarce one glimpse of li
play :

We mourn in darkness, and despair of d
That nat'ral light, once dress'd in orient
Is now diminish'd and a twilight seems :
A miscellaneous composition, made
Of night and day, of sunshine and of sh
Thro' an uncertain medium now we loo
And find That Falshood, which for T
So rays projected from the Eastern skies
Shew the false day before the sun can ris

That little knowledge now, which man
From outward objects and from sense h
He, like a wretched slave, must plod and
By day must toil, by night that toil repe
And yet at last, what little fruit he gain
A beggar's harvest, glean'd with mighty

The passions still predominant will ru
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reason's
Our understanding they with darkness s
Cause strong corruptions and pervert the
On these the soul, as on some flowing ti
Must sit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurry'd away ; for how can be withstood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling ble
Be gone, false hopes, for all our learning
Can we be free where these the rule mai
These are the tools of knowledge which
The spirits heated, will strange things p

Tell me, who e'er the passions could controul,
 Or from the body disengage the soul?
 Till this is done, our best pursuits are vain,
 To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain.
 Thro' all the bulky volumes of the dead, [bred,
 And thro' those books that modern times have
 With pain we travel, as thro' moorish ground,
 Where scarce one useful plant is ever found;
 O'er-run with errors, which so thick appear,
 Our search proves vain, no spark of truth is there.

What's all the noisy jargon of the schools,
 But idle nonsense of laborious fools,
 Who fetter Reason with perplexing rules?
 What in Aquinas' bulky works are found,
 Does not enlighten Reason, but confound:
 Who travels Scotus' swelling tomes, shall find
 A cloud of darkness rising on the mind.
 In controverted points can Reason sway,
 When Passion or Conceit still hurries us away?
 Thus his new notions Sherlock would instill,
 And clear the greatest mysteries at will;
 But, by unlucky wit, perplex'd them more,
 And made them darker than they were before.
 South soon oppos'd him, out of Christian zeal;
 Shewing how well he could dispute and rail,
 How shall we e'er discover which is right,
 When both so eagerly maintain the fight?
 Each does the other's arguments deride;
 Each has the church and scripture on his side.

The sharp, ill-natur'd combat's but a jest;
 Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the least.
 How shall we know which articles are true,
 The old ones of the Church, or Burnet's new?
 In paths uncertain and unsafe he treads,
 Who blindly follows others fertile heads.
 What sure, what certain mark have we to know
 The right or wrong 'twixt Burges's, Wake, and
 Howe?

Should untun'd Nature crave the Medic Art,
 What health can that contentious tribe impart
 Ey'ry physician writes a different bill,
 And gives no other Reason but his will.
 No longer boast your art, ye impious race;
 Let wars 'twixt Alcalies and Acids cease;
 And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.
 Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely guess;
 To-day they've good, to-morrow no success.
 Even Garth and Maurus * sometimes shall pre-
 vail,
 When Gibson, learned Hânnes, and Tyson, fa
 And, more than once, we've seen that blund'ri
 S—ne,

Missing the gout, by chance has hit the stone;
 The patient does the lucky error find:
 A cure he works, tho' not the cure design'd.
 Custom, the world's great idol, we adore;
 And knowing this, we seek to know no more

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

At education did at first receive,
 When ripen'd age confirms us to believe ;
 The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
 To learn opinions, and our country's creed :
 The parents precepts early are instill'd,
 And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.
 O what hard fate is human kind betray'd,
 When thus implicit faith's a virtue made :
 When education more than truth prevails,
 And nought is current but what custom seals !
 Thus, from the time we first began to know,
 We live and learn; but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright,
 Nor judge of things by universal light :
 Our prepossessions and affections bind
 The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind ;
 And if self-int'rest be but in the case,
 Our unexamin'd principles may pass.
 Good Heav'ns ! that man should thus himself de-
 To learn on credit, and on trust believe ! [ceive,
 Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
 But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd :
 For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
 Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn ;
 Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
 When once remov'd, will smoothe the way to
 To dispossess the child the mortal lives, [truth :
 But death approaches e'er the man arrives.

Those who would learning's glorious kingdom
 find,
 The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind,

From many dangers must themselves acquit,
 And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
 Oh! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
 To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
 Resisting rocks oppose th' enquiring soul,
 And adverse waves retard it as they roll.

Does not that foolish deference we pay
 To men that liv'd long since, our passage ft:
 What odd, prepost'rous paths at first we tre
 And learn to walk by stumbling on the dea
 First we a blessing from the grave implore,
 Worship old urns, and monuments adore:
 The rev'rend sage, with vast esteem, we pri
 He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous
 Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
 For all those errors which their fancies bred
 Errors indeed! for real knowledge stay'd
 With those first times, nor farther was conve
 While light opinions are much lower broug
 For on the waves of ignorance they float:
 But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
 So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers pas
 Will knowledge dawn, and blest the mind, a
 Ah! no; 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,
 Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lyes.
 Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
 And claims attention to perceive it right:
 But what resembles Truth is soon descri'd,
 Spread like a surface, and expanded wide.

The first man rarely, very rarely, finds
The tedious search of long-enquiring minds :
But yet what's worse, we know not when we err;
What mark does Truth, what bright distinction,
bear?
How do we know, that what we know is true?
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast;
'Tis all but Probability at most :
This is the easy purchase of the mind,
The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find;
But Truth lies hide, and e'er we can explore
The glitt'ring gem, our fleeting life is o'er.



DIES NOVISSIMA:
OR, THE
LAST EPIPHANY.
A
PINDARIC ODE
ON
CHRIST'S SECOND APPEARANCE
TO
JUDGE THE WORLD.



DIES NOVISSIMA:
OR, THE
LAST EPIPHANY.
A
PINDARIC ODE,
ON
CHRIST'S SECOND APPEARANCE,
TO
JUDGE THE WORLD.
I.

A DIEU, ye toyish reeds that once could please
My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease :
Be gone ; I'll waste no more vain hours with you :
And smiling Sylvia too, adieu !

A brighter pow'r invokes my muse,
And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.

See ! beck'ning from yon cloud, he stands,
And promises assistance from his hands :

I fell the heavy rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.

How my breast heaves, and pulses beat!
 I sink. I sink, beneath the furious heat:
 The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,
 And over-flowing joys profusely waste.
 Some nobler bard, O sacred Power, inspire,
 Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive:
 And brighter yet to catch the fire,
 And each gay following charm from death to save!
 In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast;
 I rave with extasies oppress'd:
 I rise, the mountains lessen and retire;
 And now I mix unsing'd, with elemental fire:
 The leading Deity I have in view; [ensue.
 Nor mortals knows, as yet, what wonders will

II.

We pass thro' regions of unsullied light;
 I gaz'd and sicken'd at the blissful sight;
 A shudd'ring paleness seiz'd my look:
 At last the pest flew off, and thus I spoke;
 " Say, sacred guide, shall this bright clime
 " Survive the fatal test of time,
 " Or perish, with our mortal globe below,
 " When yon bright sun no longer shines?"
 Straight I finish'd—veiling low;
 The visionary power rejoins:
 "'Tis not for you to ask, nor mine to say,
 " The niceties of that tremendous day. [run,
 " Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has
 " And finish'd are the radiant journeys of the sun,
 " The great decisive morn shall rise,

THE LAST EPIPHANY. 407

" And Heav'n's bright Judge appear in opening
" Eternal grace and justice he'll bestow [skies ;
" On all the trembling world below."

III.

He said. I mus'd, and thus return'd :

" What ensigns, courteous stranger, tell,
" Shall the brooding day reveal ?"

He answer'd mild——

" Already, stupid with their crimes,
" Blind mortals prostrate to their idols ly :
" Such were the boding times,
" Ere ruin blasted from the sluicy sky ;
" Dissolv'd they lay in fulsome ease,
" And revell'd in luxuriant peace ;
" In Bacchanals they did their hours consume,
" And Bacchanals led on their swift, advancing
doom."

IV.

Adul'trate Christs already rise,
And dare t'assuage the angry skies ;
Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
And from the cross, alas! he does neglected sigh ;
The antichristian power has rais'd his hydra-head,
And ruin, only less than Jesus' health, does spread.
So long the gore thro' poison'd veins has flow'd,
That scarcely ranker is a fury's blood ;
Yet spacious artifice and fair disguise,
The monster's shape, and curst design, belies ;
A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,
He quaffs and scatters the contagious spleen ;

108 THE LAST EPIPHANY.

Straight, when he finishes his lawless reign,
 Nature shall paint the shining scene,
 Quick as the lightning which inspires the train. }

V.

Forward Confusion shall provoke the fray,
 And Nature from her ancient order stray ;
 Black tempests, gathering from the seas around,
 In horrid ranges shall advance :
 And as they march, in thickest fables drown'd,
 The rival thunder from the clouds shall sound,
 And lightnings join the fearful dance :
 The blustering armies o'er the skies shall spread,
 And universal terror shed ;
 Loud issuing peals and rising sheets of smoke,
 Th' encumber'd region of the air shall choke ;
 The noisy main shall lash the suff'ring shore,
 And from the rocks the breaking billows roar ;
 Black thunder bursts, blue lightnings burn,
 And melting worlds to heaps of ashes turn ;
 The forests shall beneath the tempest bend,
 And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

VI.

Reverse all Nature's web shall run,
 And spotless misrule all around,
 Order, its flying foe, confound ; [unspun.
 Whilst backward all the threads shall haste to be
 Triumphant Chaos with his oblique wand,
 (The wand with which ere time begun,
 His wandering slaves he did command, [run)
 And made 'em scamper right, and in rude ranges

THE LAST EPIPHANY. 209

The hostile harmony shall chace;
And as the nymph resigns her place,
And panting to the neighbouring refuge flies,
The formless ruffian slaughters with his eyes,
And following, storms the parching dame's retreat;
Adding the terror of his threat;
The globe shall faintly tremble round,
And backward jolt distorted with the wound.

VII.

Swath'd in substantial shrouds of night,
The sickening sun shall from the world retire,
Strip'd of his dazzling robes of fire; [of light:
Which dangling once shed round a lavish flood
No frail eclipse, but all essential shade,
Not yielding to primeval gloom,
Whilst day was yet an embryo in the womb;
Nor glimm'ring in its source, with silver streamers
play'd,

A jetty mixture of the darkness spread
O'er murmuring Egypt's head;
And that which angels drew
O'er Nature's face when Jesus died;
Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook,
And rising, off their hanging fun'erals shook,
And fleeting pass'd, expos'd their bloodless
breasts to view: [glide.
Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories

VIII.

Now bolder fires appear,
And o'er the palpable obscurement sport,

210 THE LAST EPIPHANY.

Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,
Yet mark'd with Fate as when he fled th'
ætherial court,
And plung'd into the opening gulph of night.
A sabre of immortal flame I bore,
And with this arm his flourishing plume I tore,
And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

IX.

Mean time the lambent prodigies on high
Take gamefome measures in the sky ;
Joy'd with his future feast the thunder roars
In chorus to th' enormous harmony ; [stores ;
And haloes to his offspring from his sulph'rous
Applauding how they tilt and how they fly,
And their each nimble turn, and radiant
embassy.

X.

The moon turns paler at the sight,
And all the blazing orbs deny their light ;
The lightning, with its livid tail,
A train of glittering terrors draws behind,
Which o'er the trembling world prevail ;
Wing'd and blown on by storms of wind,
They shew the hideous leaps on either hand
Of Night, that spreads her ebon curtains round,
And there erects her royal stand, [bound.
In seven-fold winding jet her conscious temple's

XI.

The stars next, starting from their sphere,
In giddy revolutions leap and bound ;

THE LAST EPIPHANY. 212

Whilst this with double fury glares,
 And meditates new wars,
 And wheels in sportive gyres around,
 Its neighbour shall advance to fight;
 And while each offers to enlarge its right,
 The general ruin shall increase,
 And banish all the votaries of peace.
 No more the stars with paler beams
 Shall tremble o'er the midnight streams,
 But travel downward to behold
 What mimics 'em so twinkling there;
 And, like Narcissus, as they gain more near,
 For the lov'd image straight expire,
 And agonize in warm desire,
 Or stake their lust, as in the stream they roll.

XII.

Whilst the world burns, and all the orbs below
 In their viperous ruins glow,
 They sink, and unsupported leave the skies,
 Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the
 noise.
 Then see the Almighty Judge, sedate and bright,
 Cloth'd in Imperial robes of light!
 His wings the wind, rough storms the chariot bear:
 And nimble harbingers before him fly,
 And with officious rudeness brush the air:
 Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
 In horrid sport with one another vie,
 And leave behind quick winding tracks of light;

212 THE LAST EPIPHANY.

Then urging, to their ranks they close,
And shivering lest they start, a sailing caravan
compose.

XIII.

The mighty Judge rides in tempestuous state,
Whilst mighty guards his orders wait :

His waving vestments shine [reign,
Bright as the sun, which lately did its beams
And burnish'd wreaths of light shall make his
form divine.

Strong beams of majesty around his temples play,
And the transcendent gaiety of his face allay :

His Father's reverend characters he'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with light, and over-awe
Myriads of angels shall be there, [with fear;
And I, perhaps, close the tremendous rear;
Angels, the first and fairest sons of day, [gay.
Clad with eternal youth, and as their vestments

XIV.

Nor for magnificence alone,

To brighten and enlarge the pageant scene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,

And swell the lustre of his pompous train ;
The nimble ministers of bliss or woe

We shall attend, and save, or deal the blow,
As he admits to joy, or bids to pain.

XV.

The welcome news [diffuse.
Thro' every angel's breast fresh raptures shall

THE LAST EPIPHANY. 213

The day is come,
When Satan with his pow'rs shall sink to endless
doom ;

No more shall we his hostile troops pursue
From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.

XVI.

Then Raphael, big with life, the trump shall
sound :

From falling spheres the joyful music shall re-
bound,

And seas and shores shall catch and propagate it
round :

Louder he'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,
Than when from Sinai's hill,

In thunder, thro' the horrid redd'ning smoke,
Th' Almighty spoke.

We'll shoot around with martial joy,
And thrice the vaulted skies shall rend, and
thrice our shouts reply.

Then first th' archangel's voice, aloud,
Shall cheerfully salute the day and throng,

And Hallelujah fill the croud ;
And I, perhaps, shall close the song.

XVII.

From its long sleep all human race shall rise,
And see the morn and Judge advancing in the
skies ;

To their old tenements the souls return,
Whilst, down the steep of Heaven as swift the
Judge descends :

214 THE LAST EPIPHANY.

These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn ;
Whilst, see, distracted looks yon stalking shades
attend :

The saints no more shall conflict on the deep,
Nor rugged waves insult the lab'ring ship ;
But from the wreck in triumph they arise,
And borne to bliss, shall tread empyreal skies.

T H E

C O N T E N T S.

T HE <i>life of the Author</i>	Page vii
<i>Preface</i>	xiii
<i>The Choice</i>	19
<i>Love triumphant over Reason. A vision</i>	27
<i>The Fortunate Complaint</i>	51
<i>Strephon's Love for Delia justified, in an Epistle to Celadon</i>	61
<i>An Epistle to Delia</i>	69
<i>A Pastoral Essay on the Death of Queen Mary</i>	77
<i>To his Friend under Affliction</i>	89
<i>To another Friend under Affliction</i>	95
<i>To his Friend inclin'd to marry</i>	99
<i>To a Painter, drawing Dorinda's picture</i>	101
<i>To the Painter after he had finish'd Dorinda's Pic- ture</i>	103
<i>Cruelty and Lust. An Epistolary Essay</i>	105
<i>On the Marriage of the Earl of A—— with the Countess of S——</i>	123
<i>An Inscription for the Monument of Diana Coun- tess of Oxford and Elgin</i>	131
<i>The same attempted in English</i>	133

C O N T E N T S.

<i>Upon the Divine Attributes</i>	135
<i>Eleazar's Lamentation</i>	153
<i>A Prospect of Death</i>	163
<i>On the general Conflagration, and ensuing judgement</i>	175
 <i>Mr Pomfret's Remains, viz.</i>	
<i>Reason. A Satire</i>	193
<i>Dies Novissima; or, The last Epiphany. A Pindaric Ode</i>	203

T H E E N D

July 2 1793







**his book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. Two vertical lines are drawn down the page to create margins on either side. The lines are evenly spaced and extend from the top to the bottom of the page.



10

11

